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They Giants, Dragons, Monsters, Serpents slew,
And mighty *Pagan* Armies overthrew.
They the damnd Necromancer's Pow'r did quell,
And them, with their Enchantments, sent to Hell :
They acted like the Sons of valiant Sires,
Whose high Atchievements all the World admires.
Read then with Pleasure this renowned Story,
Which for your Recreation's set before ye.

The Illustrious and Renown'd

HISTORY

OF THE

Seven Famous Champions

OF

CHRISTENDOM.

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Also, with
The Heroick Adventures of St. George's three Sons.

Together,
With the Manner of their untimely Deaths; and how they came to be stiled Saints and Champions of *Christendom*.

The Seventh Edition.

London: Printed for C. Hitch, at the Red Lion, in Pater Noster Row; R. Ware, at the Bible and Sun, on Ludgate Hill; J. Hodges, at the Looking Glass, on London Bridge; S. Crowder, and H. Woodgate, at the Golden Ball, in Pater Noster Row. 1755.

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P R E F A C E.

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A short POEM on the Work.

TH E Christian Champions Glory we proclaim,
Who thro' all Dangers bravely follow'd Fame;
In foreign Lands their Countries did Renown,
Made Pagans stoop, and brav'd each Tyrant's Frown
To the distressed, Friends they always stood,
And gloried only in their doing Good.
No Carpet Knights they were, but of true Mould,
Out-shin'd in Steel all those that boast of Gold;
True Worth their Names eternally make live,
Whilst Kings their Badges as those Honours give.
Worn by Nobles, and each Country's proud
They as their titular Patrons are allow'd,
Whilst to their Festivals with Joy they croud.

The

The most Illustrious

HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions of Christendom.

The First PART



CHAP. I.

*The Parentage and Birth of St. George; and
how he was slain away by an Inchantress.*

NOT long after the Destruction of Troy;
sprung up the seven Wonders of the
World, the seven Champions of Christendom,
St.

St. George for England, St. Dennis for France, St. Andrew for Scotland, St. Anthony for Italy, St. Patrick for Ireland, and St. David for Wales. St. George was born in the City of Coventry, and for his magnanimous Deeds of Arms, in foreign Adventures, had the Title given him of, *The valiant Champion St. George of England*; whose Golden Garter is still worn by Kings, Princes, and Noblemen, in Memory of his many Victories. When his Mother was conceived of him, she dreamed she was with Child of a Dragon, which should be the Cause of her Death; which Dream she concealed till her painful Burden grew so heavy, her Womb was not able to bear it; so that at length she revealed it to her Husband, who was then Lord Steward of *England*. This doleful Dream struck such Terror into her Husbands Heart, that he was Speechless: but recovering, he assured her that he would try the utmost that Art and Nature could do, to find out the Meaning of this Dream; and taking only one Knight with him, goes to the solitary Walks of *Calyb*, the wise Lady of the Woods, and taking a Lamb to offer Sacrifice to the Inchantress with them; they came to an Iron Gate, whereon hung a brazen Horn for them to wind, that would speak with the Inchantress; they first offered the Lamb with great Devotion before the Iron Gate, and then without any Fear they blew the brazen Horn, the Sound whereof made the Earth to tremble; after which they heard a terrible Voice out of the Earth, uttering these Words following.

...to ... never ... Ser

*Sir Knight be gone, and mark me well,
Within the Lady's Womb doth dwell,
A Son, who like a Dragon fierce,
His Mother's tender Womb shall pierce:
A valiant Champion he shall be
In noble Acts of Chivalry.
Be gone, I now bid you adieu;
You'll find what I have told is true.*

This dark Riddle, being thrice repeated, amazed them, that they thought to wind the Horn the second Time, to know the Meaning of it; but not daring to venture, they left the enchanted Cave. In the mean Time, the Lady had such a bitter Labour, that either she or the Child must perish; upon which, she, for the Good of her Country, was content her tender Womb should be opened, that the Child might be taken out alive: So being cast into a dead Sleep, the Operation was made. He had on his Breast the lively Picture of a Dragon, a Blood Red Cross on his Right Hand, and a Gold Garter on his left Leg; they named him *George*, and provided him three Nurses, one to give him Suck, another to keep him asleep, and the third to provide him Food. Soon after his Birth, the Inchantress *Calyb* stole the Infant from the careless Nurses: The noble Lord now returning, met with the doleful Tydings of the Death of his Lady, and the Loss of his Son; he was extremely grieved with these two lamentable Misfortunes, and sent Messengers to all Countries, to find out his Son, but could hear

no Tale nor Tydings of him, which soon brought him to his Grave.

The Witch *Calyb* had detained St. George in her Cave fourteen Years, and at length fell in Love with him, which he declined, his Mind being set upon material Adventures: Nevertheless, hoping to obtain his Liberty, if in case she made him Master of all that enchanted Place, he seemed willing, and wound himself in by Degrees to have her yield all her Power over unto him; which she willingly did: Then he intreated her to tell him his Birth, his Name and Parentage: *Thou art*, quoth she, *by Birth, Son to the Lord Albert, High Steward of England; and from thy Birth to this Day have I kept thee as my Child, and my Virginity for thee:* So taking him by the Hand, she led him into a brazen Castle, wherein remained six of the bravest Knights of the World. *These are*, said she, *six worthy Champions of Christendom; the first is St. Denis of France, the second St. James of Spain, the third St. Anthony of Italy, the fourth St. Andrew of Scotland, the fifth St. Patrick of Ireland, the sixth St. David of Wales, and thou art born to be the seventh, thy Name being St. George of England; for so shalt thou be called in Time to come:* Then taking him by the Hand, she led him into a fair large Room, where stood seven of the goodliest Steeds that ever Eyes beheld; *Six of these*, saith she, *belong to the six Knights, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee, whose Name is Bucepholus, the Name of Alexander's great Horse.* Moreover, she led him into another Room, wherein was the richest Armour in the World;

World; choosing out the strongest Crosier from the Armory, she, with her own Hands, buckled it about his Breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich Caparison; then fetching him forth a huge Faulchion, and put in his Hand; Now, quoth she, *thou art invincible, never to be conquered; for now hast thou the strongest Armour in the World, and a sword will cut the hardest Flint asunder.* Thus being blinded with her own Lust, she put a Silver Wand in his Hand, which wrought her own Destruction; for then had he the Power of the enchanted Wood; so as they were walking along by a mighty Rock, which the Knight perceiving, struck with the Silver Wand, so that the Rock opened, and there did he see before his Eyes a Number of little Infants which she had murdered by her Inchantment. St. George, quoth she, *I will shew thee more than this, if thou wilt follow me;* so stepping in, he with the enchanted Wand struck the Rock again, and the Rock closed her in. There was the End of that famous Inchantress; where we will leave her to the Fury of the Devils, and speak more of St. George, who released the six Champions out of Captivity; they giving him many Thanks, went with him to seek their Fortunes: Whole matchless Deeds shall be shewed in the following Chapters.



opened, and there did he see before his Eyes a
 Number of **CHAP. III.**
*How St. George killed the burning Dragon in
 Egypt, and redeemed Sabra, the King's Daugh-
 ter, from Death: How he was betrayed by the
 King of Morocco, and sent to the Souldan of
 Persia, where he slew two Lions, and remained
 Seven Years in Prison.*

SOOON after the seven Champions departed
 from the enchanted Cave of Calyb, they stay-
 ed a while in the City of Cventry; in which
 Time they erected a stately Monument in Hon-
 our of St. George's Mother: And so in the Be-
 ginning of the Spring, they took their Leaves
 one of another, and went every and a several
 Way to seek their Fortunes; where we shall
 leave the six Champions to their contented
 Travels, and wholly discourse of our Country
 Man,

Man, the Chief of them, and St. George of England; who travelled till he came into the Territories of Egypt, where he met a poor Hermit; St. George demanded of him, where he might have a Lodging for himself, and Stable Room for his Horse. Sir Knight, quoth the old Hermit, you seem by your Habilliments to be an Englishman, for I perceive the Arms of England engraven upon your Armour. Sir, I pity you; you are as far from having Relief here, as you are in Distance from your own Country, by Reason a fiery Dragon, which every Day devours a Virgin; and in Case he miss of one but one Day, then both he send forth such an infectious Plague among us, that the People die so fast that the Living can scarce bury the Dead; and hath destroyed all the Virgins in the Land, but the King's Daughter, and she is to be sent Tomorrow Morning to be devoured by this fiery Dragon. Now the King hath made a Proclamation through all his Realm, That if any Knight were so hardy as to encounter with this Dragon, and kill him, he shall have his Daughter in Marriage; and the Crown after his Decease.

Upon hearing of which, St. George resolved to venture his own Life, to set the Lady free; intreating the old Man to give him leave to lodge that Night in his Cave, and next Morning he would be ready for the Encounter. The old Man overcome with Joy, had him to his Cave, and kindly entertained him with such homely Fare as he had: Next Morning St. George mounted on his Steed, took his Leave of the good old Hermit, who remained in his Cave to pray for the

the good Success of St. George, who is posting away to encounter with the fiery Dragon; where upon the Way he overtakes the woeful Virgin, the King's Daughter, accompanied with a Number of sorrowful Matrons, bewailing her unfortunate Fate: St. George comforts them up with these Words:

*Fair Princess, and ye Matrons all,
Refrain, and mourn no more;
For by the fiery Dragon's fall,
Your Freedom I'll restore;
The Dragon is your Enemy,
I'll quickly end the Strife;
I'll clip his Wings, he shall not fly,
Or George shall end his Life.*

The Princess beholding St. George's Courage admired that he, being a Stranger, should adventure himself for her Sake, when the stoutest Champions in all Egypt durst not.

*Sir Knight, I give you Thanks, quoth she,
That undertakes this Fight;
And since it is for Love of me,
The King shall you requite:
And if you perish in this Thing,
The which you take in Hand,
Next comes the Daughter of a King,
As well you understand:
Go forth and prosper, worthy Knight,
And leave me sore perplex:
If you miscarry in the Fight,
Then I must be the next.*

St. George kissed the Princess's Hand, and vowed to free her, or lose his Life, intreating the Company to conduct her to her Father's Palace, till they heard farther.

Now St. George entred the Valley, and coming near to the Cave, the Dragon espy'd him, and sent forth such a terrible Bellowing, as if all the Devils in Hell had been present. St. George was never a whit daunted, but spurred his Horse, and run outrageously at him; but his Scales being harder than any Brass, he shivered his Spear in a thousand Pieces, and withal smote St. George so hard with his Wings and Tail, that he struck him down from his Horse, and bruised him sore. St. George then was forced to draw his Sword, when began a most terrible Fight between him and the Dragon; and the good Knight was almost poisoned with the Breath of the Dragon, so that he was forced to retire; and spying a Fruit which no venomous Thing durst come near, eat of the said Fruit, and recovered again; and then with a manly Courage assaulted the Dragon in such sort, that he felled him under his Horse's Feet: The Dragon recovering himself, lifted up his Wing: as if he intended to fly away, which St. George seeing, and espying a bare Place under the Dragon's Wing, run his Sword up to the Hilt, which so pierced his Heart, that with a terrible Noise he breathed out his last Breath, and yielded his Life to the Conqueror. St. George smote off his Head, and set it on a Piece of the Spear he broke against the Dragon; then gave God Thanks, and marched towards King Potlemys Court:

Court : But adverse Fortune crossed his Purpose ; for instead of ringing of Bells, and entertaining him as a Royal Champion, for freeing their Country from that destroying Monster, he beheld certain armed Men marching towards him, with their Swords drawn ; for *Alexander*, King of *Morocco*, had hired twelve Men in Arms to surprize *St. George*, he having a great Mind to *Sabra* the King's Daughter, and fearing *St. George* would obtain her before him, therefore intended to make him away before he came to the Court, with his Dragon's Head : But never was it known that ever Treachery did ever prosper. As for *St. George* he behaved himself so gallantly, that he vanquished all his Enemies in a little Space ; which when the King of *Morocco* perceived, for he was not far off, he ran to the King of *Egypt*, and told him the Enemy of his Country was destroyed, but never told him of his own Treachery against the Champion. But when the King heard of the destroying of the Dragon, he rejoiced greatly, and commanded them to ring the Bells, and make Bonfires, and entertain the Champion with great Joy and Gladness, which was done accordingly.

Now when *St. George* came to the Court, the King did welcome him with great Banquettings, Tilts and Turnaments ; especially the Princess, who then did place her Love so fervently, that all the World could not remove it.

Now it was the Order of the Court, to present rich Gifts to those of Rank and Quality, when the Princess presented him with her own Hand, a Diamond of great Worth, which he

wore

wore on his Finger: set in a Ring of Gold. Now the King of *Morocco*, that implaceable Devil, envying the Happinefs of *St George*, fought a second Time to make him away by Poison, which he conveyed in a Cup of *Greek Wine*, and presented it to *St. George*, in Token of Love, when he meant nothing less than his Destruction: But no sooner had he put the Cup in his Hand, but the Diamond waxed pale; and three Drops of Blood fell from his Nose; whereupon *St. George* refused to drink; and the Princess, who loved him as she loved herself, cried out, *Treason! Treason!* But the King of *Egypt*, her Father, would believe nothing against the King of *Morocco*; so greatly did he love and doat upon him, which made him the bolder to attempt any thing against *St. George*; insomuch, that he went to the King, and informed him, that *St. George* was a Christian, and one that was an Enemy to their Religion: Which when the King heard, he swore by all his Gods, that he should die a cruel Death; forgetting the saving of his Daughter's Life, and the freeing of his Country from utter Destruction. Moreover, the Black King of *Morocco* told him, that he went about to persuade his Daughter to turn Christian, which made the King to be the more enraged; whereupon he wrote a Letter to the Soldan of *Persia*, and sealed it with the Arms of the Nation; that he should make *St. George* away, for he was an Enemy to their Religion, and to their Gods; and when he had done, he sent *St. George* with his own Destruction, and gave him a great Charge.

Charge to deliver it to the Soldan of *Persia*, for it was a Matter of great Concernment. St. *George* thinking it an Honour to go on such a Message, went, good Knight, like a Lamb to the Slaughter. No sooner was he arrived at *Persia*, but he espied some of the Temples open into which he went, and threw down all their Images, and trod them under Foot, insomuch that the People of the Country arose in great Numbers to take St. *George*, and carry him to the Soldan of *Persia*, as an Enemy to their Religion: But St. *George* did lay about him so, for the Honour of God and *Christendom*, that in one Day he slew about five Hundred *Persians*; so that they were fain to fire their Beacons, and raise all the Country before they could take him. So when they had taken him, they brought him before the Soldan, and informed him what he had done; who swore by all his Gods, that he should die the cruelest Death that could be invented. St. *George*, nothing at all daunted, told him, he could do no more than God gave him leave; and told him, moreover, he had a Letter to deliver him, from *Potlemy*, King of *Egypt*: which, when he had read, he was more enraged than before, and commanded his Guard to take him and cast him into a deed Dung on, where he should behold no Light, until the Day of Execution. After he had been there three Days, some of the enraged *Persians* let down two great Lions, which had not eat any thing for the Space of fourteen Days: When St. *George* heard the roaring of the Lions, he began to think with himself what he might do to

save

save his Life; when on a sudden he broke his Cords that bound his Arms, and stepping aside, he trod upon an old rusty Sword, which he took up, and behaved himself so valiantly, that he killed both the Lions; which when the Soldan heard, he was much terrified, and said he would keep him there still, least he should destroy the whole Nation. So *St. George* lived there full 7 Years on Rats and Mice, and such like Vermin as the Prison did afford.

In the mean Time *Potlemy*, King of *Egypt*, forced fair *Sabra* against her Mind, to marry the King of *Morocco*, who she hated as she hated the Devil, being the possessed Enemy of her beloved Prince *George* of *England*. But she had vowed the King of *Morocco* should never spoil her of her Virginity; and to that Purpose she went to a Necromancer, and asked his Council therein; who gave her his Advice, to take a Chain of Gold, and let it lie seven Days in Dragon's Milk, and seven Days in Tyger's Blood, and so put it about her Neck; and so long as she wears that Chain, no Man shall have Power to take her Virginity from her; which she did, and so preserved her Virginity for her *English* Champion, who, under God, preserved her from the fiery Dragon of *Egypt*.

Now we'll leave fair *Sabra* with her black King of *Morocco*, and her beloved *English* *George* in the dark Dungeon, and now speak something of the other Champions, who were divided into several Parts of the World, and first of the noble Champion *St. Dennis* of *France*.



CHAP. III.

How St. Dennis of France lived seven Years in the Shape of a Hart: How proud Eglantine, the King's Daughter of Thessaly, was transformed into a Mulberry Tree; and how they both recovered their Shapes by the Means of St. Dennis's Horse.

FAIR Eglantine, Daughter to the King of Thessaly, for her Pride was transformed into a Mulberry Tree, in the Wilderness of Arabia; and it was St. Dennis's Fortune to travel thro' that unhappy Place, where this unfortunate Lady was so transformed; and being almost starved, was forced to eat Roots, or any wild Fruit he could find; and wandering about this Desert, at length he came to this Mulberry Tree, where beholding some Fruit on it

began to eat ; and he no sooner had taken of these Berries, but he was translated into a Hart ; where beholding himself in a Spring, he began to bewail his Misfortunes in this Manner.

*I was a Man that Fame did gain,
But now a Hart in show
When I shall be a Man again,
Alas ! I do not know.*

The Voice of the Mulberry Tree.

*Be patient now, brave Knight, said she,
Thy Case is just like mine :
But you and I shall one Day see
Our Honours both to shine.*

*Seven Years thou shalt continue so,
Hunger increase thy Woes ;
At length thou shalt end all thy Woe,
By eating of a Rose.*

When he had heard this Voice, he stood much amazed, and speechless for Sorrow, considering how long a Time it would be ere he should return again to the Society of Men : But his Speech getting Utterance, he thus bewailed his Misfortune :

*O wretched Creature, and miserable ! said he,
How am I confined in this solitary Place, exposed to Hardships and Dangers, in the Shape of a Beast, and subject to many Misfortunes more than yet know ? Accursed was the Time I wandered to this unlucky Place ; to be scorched by*

by the Sun's Beams in Summer, and wet with Showers; and in Winter to have Snow my Covering, and no Human Food to sustain me. Upon this Tears burst from his Eyes, and Sighs from his afflicted Breast; yet so enchanted he was, that he could not remove from thence, nor cared he much to endeavour it, till his proper Shape returned, least he should fall a Prey to common Hunters, which he remembered once was *Ac-teon's Fate*, so transformed by *Diana*, for presuming to see her bathing naked in a Chrystian Fountain. And it the more grieved him, that he could not be in Arms to succour distressed Ladies, and rid the World of Oppressors and Tyrants; yet he was obliged to bear all with as much Patience, as his Fortitude could arm him with.

All this while his gallant Steed never left him but grazed near him, and sympathized with his Master's Sorrow, and brought him Boughs, which he had plucked from the spreading Trees with his Teeth, to make him a Shelter: And thus it passed with him till seven Summers and Winters had passed over his Head; when, one Morning as he was praying to Heaven for Mercy and Deliverance, he perceived, at a Distance, his Horse labouring to clamber up a steep Rock, and having stayed a while there, he descended with the Branch of a Rose Tree, on which were three Roses of *Jerusalem*; he had no sooner brought it to him, but he remembered the Voice in the Mulberry Tree; whereupon he greedily eat one of them, and reserved the other two for fear the like Danger might
befal

defal him or any of the Champions in other Places: He no sooner digested it, but his Hair fell off, and he assumed his manly Shape, finding himself exceedingly refreshed.

Upon this, he heard the Voice as of a Woman weeping in the Hole of the Tree, intreating him to cut down the Tree, and deliver her, for now the Time was accomplished: With that, remembering where he had lain his Sword, he fetched it, and with divers violent Blows he pulled it out of the Hollow, underneath which sprung up a beautiful Lady, naked, whom he covered with his Mantle, who made him great reverence, styling him her Deliverer; saying, her Name was *Eglantine*, Daughter to the King of *Thessaly*, who had been by Inchantment, for her intolerable Pride, confined to that Place.

Then travelling in the most-beaten Paths, they found the way of the Wilderness, and she being mounted behind him, he conveys her to her Father's Court, where they were received with more Joy and Welcome than I can express.



CHAP. IV.

How St. James, the Champion of Spain, continued seven Years dumb for the Love of a fair Jew; and how he should have been shot to Death, by the Maidens of Jerusalem. With other Things that happened in his Travels.

NOW St. James was minded to travel to Jerusalem, and passing over the Confines of Sicily, near the burning Lake, had a most terrible Battle with a fiery Drake, for seven Days and seven Nights, and then passed through *Capadocia*, then through a Wilderness of Monsters, at length at the Sight of fair Jerusalem, which appeared in his Sight the fairest City in the World, inhabited by Jews. Just at the Time of his Arrival, the King of the Country, with all his

As Knight at Arms, prepared themselves for hunting, for the Country at that time was much annoyed with wild Beasts, as Lions, Bears, Tygers, and such like; the Trumpets sounded before them in such Manner, which made the Spanish Champion amazed; and wondering what the Meaning should be, enquired of a Shepherd, who told him, that the King, and all his Nobles were intended that Day to hunt, the Country being much annoyed with wild Beasts; and the King had made Proclamation, That whosoever killed the first Boar, should have a great Reward, away rid St. James, and was in the Forest be-



fore them all, and by that time the King came, he had killed the greatest Boar that ever mortal Man beheld, who lived in a Cave upon the Flesh of People which he had slain; the King said he deserved the Reward, but withal de-

manded what Countryman he was, and of what Religion: *St. James* said he was a *Spaniard* by Birth, and a Christian by profession, When the King heard that, he was Wrath, and said thus unto him: Presumptuous Christian, didst thou never hear of the Laws and Customs of our Nation, that whatsoever Christian dares approach into our Confines, shall straitway be put to Death: Yet in Regard thou hast done good Service for our Country, in destroying this wild Boar, thou shalt have the Favour to chuse thine own Death. *St. James* admiring that he should be so ill treated for his good Service, yet seeing it was their Law, and the King's Pleasure it should be so, he chose to be shot to Death with Arrows by the Hands of a Virgin: Divers Virgins were sent for, who seeing *St. James* bound fast to a Tree, with his naked Breast to receive the Shaft, beholding also his lovely Shape, and considering what good he had done for their Country, in killing the wild Boar that had destroyed so many, utterly refused the same: Insomuch that the King commanded they should cast Lots, and on whom the Lot fell he should be his Executioner: Lots were made, and the Lot fell upon the King's own Daughter, the fair Princess, whose Name was *Cele*, who no sooner beheld his manly admirable Beauty, but Love seizing her tender Breast, she cast the Bow and Arrow out of her Hand, and falling on her Knees before her Father, begged for his Life in these Terms:

Great Sir, if ever Pity moved your Breast, behold with Compassion the Tears of your most obedient Daughter on her bended Knees, and grant my Request.

What is it? said he.

Ah! replied she, that this worthy Champion, this Man whose Fame is spoken of so loud thro' the World, may not be basely slain: How ingrateful will it be in the Ears of all Nations, when it is told you have murdered so brave a Knight, who has ventured his Life in rescuing your Country, from its bloody Enemy?

Well, said the King, since you have interceded for him, I cannot deny his Life to your Tears: But this is an unalterable Decree, that he be banished the Territories of India, as an Enemy to our Religion, and shall surely die, if ever he return again.

At this she was exceeding sad, but could no further prevail: so rising she went, and unbound him with her fair Hands, saying, Most noble Knight, I have gained your Life and Liberty, yet cannot prevail that you may stay in this Land, though I most earnestly desire your Company, since in your's I must be as one banished, without Peace or Rest. Let my blushes excuse me when I tell you I love you; and let not the Forwardness of a Virgin make you the less value her who can no longer stifle her Passion.

The noble Knight received the Knowledge of her Love in the most obliging Terms; being at the same Time struck with the like Passion for her; He kissed her fair Hand, stiling her his

Deliverer; vowing her perpetual Love and Constancy, promising, though now her Father's ridged and unjust Sentence forced him away, he would e'er long return and convey her to his own Country: So with a tender kiss, she slipped a Diamond Ring on his Finger, they parted not without Tears in their Eyes.

The Spanish Champion riding some Miles, alighted to rest himself on the Edge of a Forest, and there began to think his Honour would suffer through imputed Fear, in his so tamely leaving his lovely Princess; wherefore he resolved to return to the Court in Disguise, and that his Speech should not betray him, to feign himself dumb. This he put in practice, and was in Disguise of an Indian, received into the King's Service, the Princess, for the noble Spirit she saw in him, though in that Disguise, she knew him not, appointed him her Champion in all cases; when it so happened, that *Nebuzaraden*, King of *Arabia*, and the *Calif* of *Babylon* came to court, where both fell desperately in Love with her, striving with Musick and Singing who should get most into her Favour, when coming, made their Presents, which were very rich, *St. James* making his likewise, as being one among them, slipped the Diamond into her Hand, which knowing, she retired to her Chamber, and sent for him, where he discovered himself, to her great Joy; so it was contrived between them, whilst the Court was busy in Revelling, to make their Escape; which they did on swift Horses that Night, and after long Travel, to their high Satisfaction they arrived in *Spain*.



C H A P. V.

How St. Anthony slew a Giant released many Ladies out of Captivity: How St. Andrew travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits: How St. Patrick redeemed six Thracian Ladies from thirty Satyrs, and of the Travel to find out the Champion of Scotland: How St. David slew the Count Palatine, and how he was sent to the enchanted Garden of Ormandine, where he slept Seven Years and was redeemed by St. George.

BEcause I would willingly return to St. George our Countryman, I will tell you briefly the Fortunes and Adventures of the rest of the Christian Champions; and first of the Noble Champion St. *Anthony of Italy.*

After his Passage through many dangerous Places, he came to the Top of a mighty Mountain,

tain, whereon stood a Castle: within this Castle remained a Giant, who for strength no Man durst encounter: The Giant kept within his Castle, the Seven Daughters of the King of *Thracia*, whereof six of them were transformed into Swans, with Crowns upon their Heads, because they would not yield to the Lust of the Giant, the other remained with him, to play and sing him asleep. This great Giant *St. Antiochy* slew and left the Castle to them, whereby their Father the King might have access unto them, as you shall hear hereafter.

The famous Champion *St. Andrew* of Scotland, travelled through a Vale of walking Spirits most fearful to behold; and had not seen the Light of the Sun in Seven Days, nor yet the Light of the Moon by Night, but was only guided by a walking Fire till he came to a Castle, before which Castle lay the Giant which *St. Andrew* slew, his Flesh rent and tore by wild Foxes, Crows, and such like. The Champion *St. Andrew* entered the Castle, where he found the King of *Thrace*, bewailing his Daughters ill Fortune, with many of his Nobility with him, calling upon their Gods in behalf of his Daughters; which when *St. Andrew* saw, he smiled, and said unto the King, If you will believe in the Christians God, and call upon him with me, your Daughters shall be restored to their former Shapes again. No sooner had he spoke, but they all drew their Swords, and ran upon him altogether, insomuch that they put *St. Andrew* hardly to it; nevertheless, after a very hot Dispute, *St. Andrew* overcame them,

em, and the King himself lay at his Mercy, who presently turned Christian, he and all his followers; so calling upon the Lord of Hosts, suddenly the King of *Thracia's* Daughters were restored again to their former Shapes, being more beautiful than ever they were before, for which Mercy when the King saw, he continued a Christian to his dying Day. But when the King and his Daughters came to Court, all their Joy was turned into Sorrow, for the Champion of *Italy*, who slew the Giant, had stole away the King's daughter, fair *Rossalinde*, so all the Land was up in pursuit of him; which when *St. Andrew* of *Scotland* understood, he departed privately, and the King's Daughter understanding that he wagone, travelled after him as knowing under God that he was the Cause of their Delivery out of Bondage.

These six Daughters of the King of *Thracia*, travelled till they came to *Ireland*, hoping to find the Champion of *Scotland*, but instead of finding him, they met with thirty wild and cruel Satyrs, who hauled them through Woods and Groves, and tore and rent them in such a grievous sort that forced them to cry out in a most lamentable Manner, so that the Woods and all the Country did ring with her pitiful Cries. *St. Patrick* who all this while was wandering about the Country, hearing of these fearful Cries, stood awhile amazed, and drawing his Sword, ran up to the Top of a high Hill, where he beheld a lamentable Spectacle, thirty terrible Satyrs with Clubs on their Shoulders, dragging

dragging these fair Ladies by the Hair of the Head, who resolved to free them or loose his Life; he went forwards towards them, in this Manner: Ladies, quoth he, be of good Comfort, for I intend, if God be so pleased, to free you, whereupon he let fly at them in such sort, that he slew the chiefeft of them, which made all the rest take to their Heels and run away;



St. *Patrick* demanded of those Virgins what they were, who told him that they were the King of *Thracia's* Daughters, and how they were for seven Years kept in Captivity by a mighty Giant, and transformed into Swans by *Diana* the Goddess of Chastity, to keep and preserve them from the insatiable Lust of the Giant, and how their eldest Sister remained a pure Virgin with the

the Giant, until St. *Anthony of Italy* came and slew the Giant, freed their Sister, and carried her to the Court to her Father, who, with a great Number of Knights came to see them, and bewailed their sad condition, who were all swimming in a Pond in the Shape of Swans, with Crowns of Gold upon their Heads, to shew they were the Daughters of a King: Our Father's Tears prevailed not, nor the Prayers of all that were with him, who prayed for us to their Pagan Gods, until the Christian Champion, St. *Andrew*, came by, who seeing the dead Body of the Giant, not knowing who slew him, ventured into the Castle, where beholding our Father with all his Knights, weeping and wailing, and praying to their Pagan Gods, began to laugh them to scorn, and wished them to call upon the God of the Christians, and he would warrant them that we should be restored to our pristine Shape again. He no sooner had said these Words, but my Father gave command to all his Knights of Arms to fall upon him and kill him; but he behaved himself in such a gallant Manner, that he worsted them all, who presently turned Christian with all his Knights, who calling upon the Christians God, we were all restored to our former Shapes again. But all their Joy was turned into Sorrow, by reason the Champion of *Italy*, who slew the Giant, and freed my Sister, had stole her away in my Father's Absence. When St. *Patrick* heard this, he said, worthy Ladies, these two Champions are my Friends, whom, I have not seen nor heard of these

even Years ; as for *St. Andrew* of Scotland, whom you seek, I will accompany you in the Search of him--- Where we will leave them, and speak something of *Saint David*, the Champion of *Wales*.

St. David of *Wales* travelling to the Emperor's Court of *Tartary*, performed such gallant Deeds of Service, that the Emperor made him his chief Champion; where upon a Festival Day, the Emperor desirous of Sport, caused Tilt, and Tournaments to be used. Now *St. David* being the Emperor's Champion, entered the List first; so the Emperor's Son, being Count *Palatine*, ambitious of Honour, came straitway to answer him, and performed honourable deeds against *St. David* the Champion of *Wales*; for the first Encounter he had almost thrown him off his Horse, but the next Turn *St. David* threw both Horse and Man to the Ground, where the Emperor's Son, the Count *Palatine*, was so bruised with the fall, that in a short Time after he died, which so enraged the Emperor, that he plotted all he could to make him away; nevertheless, he being well beloved of all the Court, the Emperor could not without loss of Honour do it, only in Regard *St. David* was his Champion, he sent him to the enchanted Garden, to bring him the Head of *Ormandine* the Enchanter; *St. David* durst refuse nothing the Emperor enjoined him to, so he went with an undaunted Courage, and found a Sword fastened to a Rock, upon the Pummel whereof was written, He that can pull me up, shall conquer all. *St. David* assailed to do it, but being not able fell fast

fast asleep for the space of seven Years, till St. George, as you shall hear, at last came by the enchanted garden, pulled out the Sword, and freed St. David; for by that means the Inchanter died, and the enchanted garden vanish'd.



CHAP VI.

How St. George escaped out of Prison at Persia, and how he redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment.

VALIENT and noble minded St. George enduring a seven Years Imprisonment in a dark and deep dungeon, and almost famished, was now a weary of his Life, where wandering about the dungeon, he at last espied a Crow of Iron, so he with this Engine made his way through the

the Dungeon into the middle of the Persian's Court? It was now about Midnight, the Moon shined bright, and all the Court at rest, only some Grooms, which were making ready the Soldan's Horses to ride a Hunting the next Morning; St. George understanding of this, takes the Crow of Iron and kills all the grooms. and takes the best Horse in the Stable, and armed himself with the Soldan's own Armour, with his Sword, withal, taking a Coal he writes over the Soldan's Chamber, after he had killed his Guard, these following Words :

*Soldan farewell, for George is fled,
Whilst thou liest sleeping in thy Bed.*

Away rides St. George, and coming to the City Gates, calls to the Porter in this Manner, Porter open the Gate, for St. George is escaped out of Prison, and killed all the Soldan's Grooms, and all the City is in pursuit of him: The Porter believed him, opened the Gate and away rid St. George. Next Morning all the Country, by the Soldan's command, was in pursuit of St. George; but he had got out of the confines of *Perſſa*, and in the Sight of *Græcia*, which when they perceived, they left the Pursuit, and returned back with great shame and dishonour. Now is St. George in the Confines of *Græcia*, and almost in as bad a case for the want of Victuals, as he was in the dungeon; at last he came to a great Castle, where stood a most glorious Lady: St. George demanded some Relief of her in the Way of his Travels; but she answered

answered him with a frowning Look, that her Husband was a mighty Giant, and willed him to be gone, least if he came out he should crush him to Pieces. St. George told her, he never was yet daunted by Giant or Monster, and he had rather die in Fight, than die with Hunger; no sooner had he said these Words, but the Giant came forth of the Castle, with a staring Countenance, more like a Devil than a Man: But it was so, that between St. George and the Giant was a most fierce and cruel Cumbat; but the Weather being extreme hot, and the Giant fat, the Sweat



ran down his Face so fast, that it blinded him, whereby he could not see to avoid the blows St. George gave him, so that he was constrained to let fall his Club, and St. George with his Sword clove his Head asunder: so entering the Castle, refreshed himself and his Horse, and so departed through the Country of *Græcia* into *Phygia*, and

and at last came to the enchanted Garden of *Ormandine*, where the Champion of *Wales* continued sleeping for the space of seven Years. But when *St. George* beheld the enchanted Sword he assailed to pull it out of the Rock, and pulled it out with Ease; so that the enchanted Garden vanished, and the Inchanter *Ormandine* delivered to *St. George*, *St. David* the Champion of *Wales*. Then they viewed the Strangeness of the Place, and began to enquire of *Ormandine*, how he came to undertake this way of living; whereupon tears standing in his Eyes, he fetched a deep Sigh, and said, I was, when Fortune pleased, the King of *Scythia*, living in great Pleasure and Plenty, having by my Wife two very beautiful Daughters the Elder named *Castria*, with the Brightness of her Beauty so charmed *Floridon*, Son to the King of *Armenia*, that he sought all Manner of Ways to gain her Love; but not finding her so pliable as he wished; he resolved however at any Hazard to enjoy her; so bribing her Maid with a great Sum, he conveyed him into her Chamber in the Night, where he had his wicked Desire of her with Vows and Protections to become her Husband: But when her Womb began to swell, and she claimed his Promise, he with reproachful Words denied it, and utterly refused to make her his Wife; and under-hand courted my youngest Daughter *Mer-cilla*, upon whom not being able to gain his Ends, as he did to the former, he married her. This so enraged *Castria*, that since she could no more enjoy him, that had dishonoured her, she resolved

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her Sister should have no Sweets of conjugal Dalliance with him.

And as it is the Custom of *Scythia*, for a maid to keep her Virginity the first Night after she is married; she possess'd her Sister with a Fear that the *Armenian* Prince, eager of Enjoyment, would notwithstanding come to Bed to her in the Dark, and divest her of her Virginity; if none lay with her to keep him from it, offering withal herself to be the Person, which *Mecilla* kindly accepted; yet no sooner was they laid in Bed, beautiful as an Angel, but the revengeful *Castria*, with a Dagger she had concealed in her Bosom, stabbed her between her two ivory breasts; and being ask'd what she meant by that Cruelty to one that had been so kind a Sister to her, and ever oblig'd her? She shewing her Womb, and discovered the Author of her Shame, which now she no longer resolv'd to bear with, but with the yet reaking bloody Dagger, she stabbed herself, and both of them breathed out their Souls at once: And to fill up the Tragedy, *Floridan* coming next Morning to look for his fair Bride, and finding her Sister dead by her Side, he concluded his unconstant Love had been the Cause of it, and after great Laments, he killed himself with the same Dagger.

These Misfortunes, continued *Ormandine*, possess'd me so with Grief, that I left all Society, and raising this Place by my Magick Art, continued in it till now the Inchantments escaped here. And when this was done, the Furies fetched the Inchanter *Ormandine* away with such

a terrible Noise that scar'd St. George and St. David, the two stout Champions of Christendom, and glad they were gone from among those terrible Devils.

After St. David had given St. George many Thanks, they departed one from another; St. David to the Tartarian Court, where by Oath he was bound to bring News from the enchanted Garden, and St. George to Barbary.

C H A P. VII.

How St. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary; how he stole away Sabra, the King of Egypt's Daughter, from the King of Morocco; how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the Means of Lions: How he arrived at the Emperor of Greece's Court, met there the six Champions, and of their Exploits and Entertainments.

ST. George no sooner entered into the Confines of Barbary, but he met with an old Hermit, with whom he had some conference, and after he understood by the Hermit where the Court stood, as also how the King of Morocco was gone a Hunting with all his Lords; he thought it now or never the Time to release his fair Sabra out of the Hands of his professed Enemy the King of Morocco; and to that Purpose disarmed himself, leaving his Arms and Horse with a Box of rich Jewels with the old Hermit, and slipping on the old Hermit's Gown, took his Journey to the Court,

Court, where he beheld a Number of Palmers standing at the Court Gate; he demanded of them what they stood there for: to whom they replied They stood for an Alms, which was given every Day by the hand of the good Queen, in Memory of the English Champion St. George, which when St. George heard, the Tears stood in his Eyes, and turning himself about, he at length beheld the Joy of his Heart coming forth to deliver her Alms to the Palmers, asking them if they had not known or heard of St. George of England.

At length coming to St. George himself, he delivered the Ring that she gave him privately, by which means she knew him, and taking him by the Hand, led him into the Hall, where they both wept for Joy, she never expecting to see him again: Now my George, said she, if ever thou wilt free me it must be now, the Time so convenient, the black King of Morocco, my forced Husband, being a Hunting, whom I hate like the Devil, and none left at Home but one Blackamore, which shall go along with us to wait on us: so saying, she pull'd off his Gown, and put on his own Armour, and girth his Sword by his side, and mounted him upon his own Steed, and the Moor helping her up behind St. George, they posted away as fast as they could, passing through Woods, Desarts, and many dangerous Places among the Wild Beasts; at length, through Hunger, St. George was forced to alight from his Horse, and helped the Lady down, leaving her in Custody with the Moor, while he went to try his Fortune with his Sword in his Hand, to get some Food

to keep them alive, for they were like to perish for want of Victuals, so it was his Fortune to kill a Deer, and brought a Haunch of Venison upon the Point of his Sword. But when he came, he found the Moor torn in Peices, with two Lions, and the Lions fast asleep, lying with their Heads in fair *Sabra's* Lap, whereby



he knew she was a pure Virgin, and standing in Amaze, not knowing what to do, at last resolved to set upon them, they being asleep, least if they should awake, he might endanger his Life, so stepping to them, he ran them through and slew them. Then after they had given God Thanks, *St. George* having a Firelock in his Pocket, kindled a Fire with brambles, and dressed their Venison and eat it.

So when they had well dined, *St. George* said, O *Sabra*, Now my *Sabra*, I know thou art a pure

pure Virgin, otherwise the Lions would have destroyed thee, as they did the Moor: But by what Means thou hast kept thy Virginity, I know not.

Then know, worthy *George*, (said she) after I was forced by my Father to marry with the King of *Morocco*, whom I loathed; I vowed to keep my Virginity from him, and preserve it for thee, or live and die a Maid, and to that End I asked Counsel of a learned Doctor, who advised me to steep my Chain of Gold, which I wear about my Neck, in Tyger's Blood, and Dragon's Milk, seven Days together, and all the while I wore it, no Man should have Power to rob me of my Virginity, which I made Trial of, and behold though I lay with the King of *Morocco*, my Husband, Night by Night, he had no Power to meddle with me; so I remain still a Virgin, and have kept my Virginity for St. *George of England*.

When she had so said, they took Horse and departed, riding through many vast Countries and Desarts, without meeting any Adventures, till passing an Arm of the Sea, to hinder any farther Pursuit, they safely arrived in the Territories of *Græcia*: There being well refreshed by a courteous Hermit, they understood that the Emperor of *Græcia*, kept his royal Nuptial in the City of *Constantinople*, being lately married to a beautiful Princess, so that being desirous to see the Custom of strange Courts, they resorted thither in Hopes to get Shipping for *England*.

Here they found Ladies and Knights of most Christian Nations, whom the Fame of the royal Nuptials,

Nuptials, and their own Curiosity, had brought them thither: And here, by good Fortune the seven Champions, who had been so long parted, by taking diverse Ways to the Brazen Piller, and run so many hazardous Adventures, met again, bringing many of them their Ladies with them: but in all his Travels round the World, never saw so bright a Lady; nor was she only beautiful, but humble and modest in all her Carriage and Behaviour; so that to entertain her and the rest, new Tilts, Turnaments, Masks, Dancing, Balls and Jests, were held for many Days, to their wonderful Contentment and Recreation. And here it was the renowned Champions took every one his Day to maintain the Combat against all Opponents, doing such Wonders by overthrowing the strongest Knights of *Greece, Hungary, Bohemia*, and others, who resorted thither to break a Launce in Honour of their Ladies, that they acquire to themselves Trophies of Renown and immortal Fame: Above all which, *St. George* who maintained the last Day, issuing out of his Pavillion, which every one of them had erected very stately, according to the Manner of their Country, to distinguish them from other Knights, mounted on a Sable coloured Steed, in Trappings of burnished Gold, his Forehead beautified with a purple Plume of Feathers, spangled with Gold, and Pendants of Gold, his Armour of Lidian Steel, shining like Silver, his Helmet beset with Pearl and Jasper Stones, with a Tablet of Gold hanging at his Breast. whereupon was engraven a Lion Rampert, crowned with Gold in a Field of Gules; in his Helmit he wore a Wreath of

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his Lady's Hair, and her Glove, to show he would maintain her to be the fairest on Earth, against all that should dare to contradict it: While she sat in a triumphant Chariot of Ivory, inlaid with golden Roses, to be Spectator of his heroick Actions, which were so extraordinary, that they took from therest much of the Applause and Honour that had been given to them by the shouting Multitude, overthrowing Horse and Man, till at last, scarcely supposing him to be mortal, he was left alone in the List, none daring farther to encounter him. Whereupon an oaken Garland, like a Crown, was placed on his Head by the Heralds, in token of Victory, whilst his bright Lady greatly rejoiced, and the Trumpets sounded, to that the most valiant Knight in the World was fallen to her whom she prized above Emperors, Kings and the Potentates of the Earth.

Night being come, and the seven Days appointed just ended, after a sumptuous Entertainment, the Knights rested their weary Limbs on their Ladics soft Bosoms, solacing in such Raptures of Pleasure, that no Pen can express: So drawing the Curtain, and leaving them infolded in each others loving Arms, I conclude this Chapter.



CHAP. VIII.

How the Pagan Prince confederated to War against Christendom ; and how the Seven Champions departed, and arrived in the Bay of Portugal, choosing St. George their General,

WE find by sundry Instances that Excess of Joy and Pleasure rarely continues long, Fortune envies it, and sends Crosses and unexpected Accidents to allay them with Disappointment and Bitterness ; so it happened in this Case, for when they had the Possession of all that was lovely and dear to them, and supposed to be arrived at the safe Harbour of true Content, Peace. and Rest, a Storm arose that drove them again into a hazardous and dangerous Sea ; The Pagan Princes, and others, whose Daughters

Daughters had followed the noble Champions for the true Love they bore them, and for other Disappointments they had given them, incensed thereto by *Almidore*, King of *Morocco*, for the Loss of fair *Sabra*, confederated together, and denounced a dreadful War against all Christendom, and hearing the Seven Champions wore their Heralds with Defiance, and many proud Threats, reckoning up the Injuries they alleged they had sustained; wrongfully taxing them with the Ravishment of their Daughters, destroying their People, and as Christians, utter Enemies to their Country, which in a full assembly they pronounced, which might Preparations so terrified the Greek Emperor, that he fearing the wasting of his Country, which the Pagan Potentates mostly bordered on, that he desired the Champions to retire from the Court with all speed, and sent Ambassadors to make a Peace for himself, with the Soldan of *Persia*, the Kings of *Thess*, *Tartary*, *Egypt*, *Morocco*, *Jerusalem*, and others, far commanding Monarchies of *Asia* and *Africa*. Yet the renowned St. *George*, before his Departure, returned his Answer to the Heralds.

Barbarians.

‘ **K**NOW that your Threats of War can in no manner terrify the noble courage of the Christians, we could justify and disprove whatever is laid to our Charge; but scorning to condescend so low least it should be taken for a Treaty, or Fear, go tell your proud and injurious Masters, That since they so much delight in Blood and Treachery,

' Treachery, the Scourge of war is the fittest
 ' Instrument to chastise them : And since they
 ' desire it, we will bring it like a raging Torrent,
 ' not only to their City Walls, but the Gates of
 ' their Palaces : Fire and Desolation shall lay
 ' their Countries waste ; the Christians Banner
 ' shall be planted in their proudest Towns, their
 ' Crowns shall stoop to the Cross, whilst wading
 ' thro' Seas of their Subjects Blood, and clam-
 ' bering over Piles, Heaps of the slain, we
 ' tumble them from their Thrones.

Thus said, with a vehement Anger he staid
 for no Reply, but turning his Back, he with the
 rest of the Champions, and their Ladies, left the
 City, and held a Consult in a neighbouring For-
 rest: it was agreed every one should repair to his
 own Country, and make interest to raise Forces
 to repel the threatening Storm ; and living or
 dying, immortalize their Names in Defence of their
 Religion and Honour, this his Resolve drew partly
 Tears from the bright Eyes of the tender-hearted
 Ladies, to think after so many Dangers and Diffi-
 culties, they must again part with their Lords
 they so dearly loved, to run new Hazards, and
 stand the Chance of a dreadful War. But conclu-
 ding their Honours were engaged, and that they
 could not stand idle, but in the Lives of all Chris-
 tendom, they dried up the precious Dew, and
 seemed contented to leave the Event of their
 Safeties to Fate and Chance.

By this Time the Heroic Knights, whom no
 Danger could shake, having appointed the Bay
 of *Portugal* to be the general Rendezvous, for
 all

l the European Forces, went into their several countries, where their Fame being sufficiently rumoured by their respective Kings and Princes with great Honour and Triumphs, as the only Miracles of Valour and true Knighthood: The general Joy on their returning Home, was no sooner abated, but they declared the Cause of their speedy return; which was so highly approved by King and People, that setting up their standards, Forces came armed in such Numbers upon the Beat of Drum, and Sound of Trumpet, as well Nobles as Plebeans, that by the Spring they had finished their Compliments; and with gallant Fleets and Armies, the greatest that ever Europe had seen, they arrived safe at the appointed Haven. St George with a 100,000 valiant Archers, Spears, and Men at Arms, being the first that landed, covered the affrighted Shore with his Multitude. The rest of the Champions brought a proportionable Number, according to the Largeness and Oppuloufness of their Countries, all well provided, and richly furnished, so that the whole Number amounted to upwards of 500,000; having with them Treasure sufficient, and other Necessaries for the War, both for the Field Fight, and battering Cities, Towns and Castles. So erecting a Royal Pavillion, they elected, by one Consent, St. George General of this great Army, whose Banner was the Bloody Cross, his Men wearing the like on their Breasts, to denote that they fought in the Christian Cause, and for it valued no Cross Misfortune, no, nor the Hazard

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zard of their Lives; whereupon, mounting on a Throne, and assembling all the Leaders he made the following Speech to encourage them.

RENOWNED WARRIORS,

EUROPE's chief Boast and Glory, you are now called together to assert the Cause of CHRIST, and the Honour of the Christian Religion, against the bloody Pagans and Infidels, who defy not only us, but the KING OF HEAVEN, whose Battles we have undertaken to fight, that we may chastise their Insolence, and proud Blaspheming, so that living, or dying, you may hope to be happy; then be of courageous Hearts, and let our Enemies see what we dare do, and what Folly they have committed in provoking us to Anger. As for me, though now your General, you shall always find me as much exposed to Danger, as the meanest Soldier. March bravely on then; and let us meet them in their own Land, and make their Countries the Seat of War and Desolation.

This Speech ended; and a universal Shout ensued; and they cried as with one Voice, *Lead us against them.*

C H A P



C H A P. IX.

How the Pagan Princes pitched their Tents in Hungary, to war against Christendom; of the bloody Dissention that fell among them: Barbary subdued by the Christians, and Almidore the black King, taken and put to Death, &c.

THE Pagans all this While, were not slow in raising the Powers of their Countries, and by long Marches came to their appointed Rendezvous in the Kingdom of *Hungary*, whose huge Multitude soon devoured up all the pleasant Things in that rich and fertile Kingdom, being about eight hundred Thousand, gathered up in fifty-two various Kingdoms, threatening no less than Destruction to all Europe, and flattering themselves to return laden with the wealthy Spoils of many Kings and Princes: But God who disposes, when Man proposes, prevented it, as in the Sequel will appear.

No sooner were all the Forces expected arrived, but they appointed a Day for chusing a General, when such a Spirit of Division was sent among them, every Nation striving to promote their King to the Dignity, and Confusion a while reigned among the common Soldiers; at length Discontent and Discord happened among the Leaders, so that many bloody Blows and dangerous Frays ensued, so that agreeing to nothing, the Soldian of *Persia*, the Kings of *Egypt*, *Jerusalem*, and many others, drew off their Forces, and returned to their own Countreys, greatly repenting they had undertaken so vain an Enterprize. Nor did those that stayed by *Almidore's* Persuasions long agree, but dividing into Parties, drew out and fought a terrible Battle among themselves, which lasted three Days with such terrible Slaughter, that the Ditches were filled with Blood, and the Fields heaped up with dead Bodies, the Towns were sacked up and fired, Virgins and Matrons ravished, and ripped up alive, Children tossed on Spears, and dashed against the Pavements, hoary Hairs set weltering in Blood: In fine, they not only destroyed one another, but made such a woeful Desolation in the Kingdom of *Hungary*, that the like has never been known before nor since, so that for many Years after, it was scarcely inhabited by any thing but wild Beasts.

However, *Almidore*, whose party proved the strongest, and now most of the other Leaders being dead, was made General, raised his own Men, and such as were fled and scattered from the Battle, and finding them too weak to perform

form what he designed on the Christians, he took up his Standard, and marched into his own Country, whether *St George*, who had heard the Disaster, and his Flight, was gone before to intercept him; and having taken many of his Towns, he forced him to a Battle, where, after a long and bloody Fight (for the Moors fought obstinately for their King, often throwing themselves between him and Death to the Lois



of their own Lives) he was taken Prisoner by *St George*, who had lain Heaps of Slain about him. Hereupon his Men at a Distance seeing his Standard beaten down, and fancying no less that he was taken or slain, fled in all Parts, throwing away their Arms, so that in the Pursuit, the Fields were covered with dead Bodies.

The treacherous *Almidore* being now in the Power of him whose Life he had sought in *Egypt*, by sending armed Knights to destroy him, when he was coming to the Court with the Dragon's Head, and had been the Contriver of his Imprisonment

sonment seven years in the Persian Dungeon, and in the mean while rob'd him of his Heart's Delight, the beautiful *Sabra*, he thought he could, after such Injuries, expect no Mercy from the injured Person; yet hearing he was to be thrown into a Chaldron of melted Lead and Sulphur, the Terribleness of the Death so startled him, that coming to approach it, and seeing the melting Substance sparkle like the Flames of Hell, he began to use all his cunning Insinuations and wanted Flattery to escape the Danger, offering a Ransom of Gold, Jewels, Silks, Spices, &c. so great, that his whole Kingdom had it been sold, could not have purchas'd them. But this and all other Proffers were refused by the injured Champion, unless he would renounce his false Gods *Tamasgant* and *Mahomet*, which he utterly refused to do, as also to turn Christian, and persuade his People to be baptized and embrace the Christian Faith; the Sentence with a solemn Pomp, (his Nobles attending in Mourning Robes, and many Virgins decked in Cyprus Garlands, and in mourning Vestments) was put in Execution: Whereat some of his Subjects killed themselves to accompany him to the other World, as is the Custom of that Country. But the greater Part rejoiced to be rid of a Tyrant, who had done so many grievous Outrages by taking from them their Wives and Daughters at his pleasure, to satiate his Lust; so that the Nobles came and presented the *English* Champion with the Crown of that Kingdom, and placed it upon his Head, with much Royalty and Feasting, delivering him all the other regal Ornaments; when ha-

ving

ving taken an Oath of them to turn Christians, he delivered the Government into the Hands of twelve of the chief of them to keep in his Name, and to be kind to all Strangers, Christians that came into it to dwell or pass through it.

These, and many other Articles being solemnly sworn to, he left a few Forces in the Cities of *Tripoly* and *Morocco*, with the sick and wounded Soldiers, marching with the rest against *Ptolomy* King of *Egypt*, to revenge the Injury he had done him.

The *Moor* no sooner perceived the main Forces were withdrawn, but breaking their Oaths, they burnt the sick and wounded Soldiers alive in a Monastery, and covered their Ashes with Dung, renounc'd their Heathen Gods, and massacred all the Christians they found in the Kingdom, in a most barbarous and inhuman Manner, dashing out their Brains, burning and ripping them up alive; and amongst others, they seized in *Tripoly* an *English* Merchant, his Wife and six Children, and because the Woman struggled with the *Moor* that would have ravish'd her before her Husband's Face, and vowed to kill herself, if he desisted not, he to induce her to yield more patient to his Lust, stabbed all her Children one after another at different Times before her and her Husband's Face, then baking them in Pies, setting them before them to eat or starve, which horrid Spectacle made them both die of Grief; whereupon they threw their Bodies on a Rock, to be devoured by the Fowls of the Air, but the Sun dissolved them, and the next Year a Bower of Roses sprung up in the Place.



CHAP. X.

How the Seven Champions arrived in Egypt with their Armies, found the People every where fled, how Potlomy the King humbled himself, and was pardoned, and of the heavy News St George heard of Sabra, with Potlomy's Death, &c.

THE Army, as I have said, marching from *Barbary*, and passing peaceably thro' many Countries of *Africa*, who freely opened their Gates and received them friendly, providing them store of Provision, and what else they wanted by the Way, yet more out of Fear than Love, they arrived in the Confines of *Egypt*, but could perceive no Preparations for War, that entering a good Way, they found the Villages deserted, and the City Gates wide open, in which were none but a few aged and diseased People, incapable of removing from thence.

At this they wondered; but the wary General considering this might be a Stratagem to catch them in an Ambush, whilst they were straggling to gather the Plunder; so, upon Pain of Death, he charged none to stir out of his Ranks, but to have their Arms in Readiness for fear of a Surprize, and so they marched on, leaving Heaps of Gold and Silver, and other rich Things, in the Cities untouched behind them, they marched on till they came within Sight of *Ptolomy's* Palace, on whose glittering Spires *St. George* no sooner cast his Eyes, but he burned with Anger to think on the Indignities and Treacheries that had been put upon him, for the worthy Service he had done the King and Kingdom, making a solemn Vow to lay it in Ruins as low as the Dust, exciting the Soldiers Fury by repeating the Wrongs he had received, to turn it into rubbish by Flame, or any other Means, and not to leave one Stone upon another. Now being within Bow-shot of it, and he was ordering and preparing for the Assault, contrary to his Expectation, the Gates flew open, and the King of *Egypt*, attired in deep Mournings, attended with his Nobles in the like Weeds, came in solemn Pace towards him; after them followed the choicest Soldiers of the Kingdom, with broken Swords and Launces, their Shields hanging on their Backs; these were succeeded by a thousand Women and Children, with *Cyprus* Wreaths on their Heads, denoting their distressed Condition, and Olive Branches in their Hands, denoting they sued for Peace; when they came near the Champions, who stood

at the Head of their Army to expect them, they fell on their Knees, and made a lamentable Cry, begging Mercy; whilst the King in this Manner spoke for himself and the rest.

WORTHY KNIGHTS,

WHOSE Arms are always Victorious, behold a King kneeling, who never bowed before to mortal Man, and pity his Distress. I am constrained with Shame to confess I have wrong'd this noble Champion of England, who deserved better at my Hands; but alas! I was over perswaded to it by the Morocco King, and did not well know what I did, he so blinded my discerning Faculties with Insinuation and Flattery, inculcating so many groundless Fears and Jealousies of our Religion, and the Safety of my Kingdom, that it gained too much Credit with me, but now I repent with Tears that ever I listen'd to him; therefore forget and forgive what I have done; spare but my Country from the devouring Sword, and as for myself, deal with me as you please; and this I conjure you, most noble St. George of England, by all the Love you profess and bare to my Daughter, whom you have in your Possession, so shall the Blessing of that God you adore, ever unite your Hearts, and make you lastingly happy.

He would have proceeded, but a Flood of Tears stopped his Utterance; with low Submission, and his hoary Hairs, so moved the noble Champion to pity him, that, contrary to his first Resolve, he not only relented, but raising the

the King from his Knees, embraced him, and freely forgave the Offences he had done against him on Condition that he and all his People became Christians. This he willingly consented to; and moreover, intituled the rich Kingdom of *Egypt* upon *St. George* and *Sabra*, to be entirely theirs after his Death: so that the Mourning of the Land was hereupon turned into Joy and Songs, Musick and Feasting was every where, and the Face of Things seemed so altered, that nothing could express more Satisfaction.

But during the Time of this rejoicing, as *St. George* was about to march into *Persia*, to revenge his Imprisonment on the Soldan, a Knight came riding up to him, almost spent and faint with haste and long Journey, desiring to speak with him in private, and knowing by his Speech that Knight was of *England*, he readily consented to it.

As soon as they were retired, and the Knight had recovered his Breath, he began his woeful Story in this Manner:

I come (said he) to bring you News of Heaviness and Sorrow; even that which has cast a melancholy Cloud of Sadness over the whole English Nation, and will no doubt touch your Heart nearer than any other: your fair Sabra, who on your departure you left at Coventry, is condemned to die.

How! says *St. George*, trembling and starting back in an amaze: *What Wickedness could work such Mischief in the World? She has no Crimes that can deserve that Sentence; her Soul's as bright as the unclouded Sun, and her Virtues nothing can blot or stain.*

This

This, replied the Knight, I must own; yet what I say is certain Truth, the defending her Honour is the Cause she dies, from which Death nothing but a Champion to fight for her Quarrel, and right injured Innocence, can deliver. Wherefore she hath a certain Time allowed her to provide one, and all England, in your Absence, not being able to afford one to encounter him who is her Accuser, she has sent me to certify you of the Danger she is in, as you will find by this Letter, under her own Hand. Whereupon he delivered it, which St George, still trembling, took, and opened hastily, read these Words;

My dear Knight,

FOR the constant Love I bear you, which nothing but Death can obliterate, I am now in great Distress; the which if I had yielded to have defiled my Marriage Bed, I might have avoided; but for killing the Ravisher, that by lawless Lust would have invaded my Honour, and your Right, I am now condemned to be burnt at a publick Stake, unless some kind Champion in my Quarrel, can overcome the Baron of Chester, who is my Accuser; but finding none ready to undertake my Vindication, I have used the little Time allowed me, to advertise you, my dear Lord, of it: So leaving the Consideration of Danger, I remain your chaste and loving Wife, till Death,

S A B R A.

He

He no sooner read this Letter, but his Eyes sparkled as it were with Fire, and Anger burning within him, till at last it broak out in these Expressions.

Can ungrateful England thus abuse and dishonour me in the Person of a dear Lady? Have I deserved no better of her King and People? Well, this Injury I would severly revenge, did not the Thoughts of its being my native Country, restrain my Hands from violent Courses.

Thus he had proceeded on to vent his Anger, had not the Knight hastened him to begin his Journey, minding him that the least Delay in this Case might be the Loss of his Lady's Life, which could never be recovered again.

Whereupon he communicated the Matter to the other Champions, with the Necessity of his Departure; when every one of them singly offered to go in his Stead, that he might not be hindered in prosecuting his Revenge against the Persian Soldan, he would not trust this Adventure that so near concerned him, to any but himself: So appointing St. David of Wales his General, he courteously took Leave of the whole Army and departed for *England* with all Speed, only accompanied with the Knight who brought him the heavy News. This sad Story of *Sabra* no sooner came to the Ears of her Father, but thro' Grief he fell into a strange kind of Distraction, roving about his Palace, and crying out, his poor Child was dead, his dear Daughter was murdered, and all that could be done to Comfort him, little availing, till at last those

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appointed to watch him, being negligent of their Charge, he threw himself over the Battlements of his Palace, and falling on the hard Pavement, was so bruised, that he immediately died. But his Body being taken up, was buried in a sumptuous Tomb among his royal Ancestors, with great Solemnity; the Regency of the Kingdom being by the Christian Knights delivered to the Trust of Twelve of the most noble Men of the Realm, to keep in Trust till the Arrival of St. George, and the Princess Sabra if Fortune favoured them.



CHAP.

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CHAP. X.

How St. George left Egypt, and hasted to England; how he rescued Sabra, by killing the Champion her Accuser; with what welcome he was received, and other Matters.

ST. George being now on his Way for England, made all the Speed he could by Sea & Land, no Adventures or delightful Objects in his Way being capable to divert him from the Object his Mind was fixed on, his Joy being very great when sailing from the Coast of France, he beheld the chaulky Cliffs on the Shore of his native County.

The same Day he landed was the Expiration of Sabra's Time, and every Thing was prepared for her Execution; yet she heard not of any Champion that would contend to justify her Honour and Chastity; however she took Courage

rage, and prepared with a steady Mind to receive that Death that evil Chance had laid out for her, so thro' Lanes of Guards, and Crouds of pitying People, she was brought from the Prison to the Stake, where she preparing her delicate Body, more soft than Down of Swans, and whiter than Snow, as Food for the greedy Flames; for being striped of her royal Ornaments, even to her Smock; she was bound with Chains to the Post by the common Executioner, and Pitch and other Fewel placed about her! Yet she seemed not at all daunted, though the Sight of a suffering Beauty (for committing a Fact she was forced for the Safe-guard of her Honour) drew Tears from all Eyes but her own, so that seeing Death so near, she resolving to face it without Terror, lifted up her Hands and Eyes towards Heaven, to ask Strength and Patience, and that God would receive her Soul when it should mount in Flames to his Almighty Throne.

Then the King, being seated on a Scaffold, under a Canopy of Purple, embroidered with Gold and Pearl, caused the Heralds to summon the Challenger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came proudly prancing into the List, on a strong and stately Steed, with a Bridle of Silver and Trappings of Gold and precious Stones. This Person was Baron of *Chester*, and held to be the stoutest Knight in *England*, and undertook this Matter, because he was near of Kin to the slain Earl of *Coventry*, and could not without so doing possess his Lands. Whilst this Champion pranced his Horse about the List, the Defendant was summoned, but none yet appear-

ed: This made the Lady look as pale as Ashes, and fell into a fit of Trembling, making her Swan like Complaint of her hard Fortune in these Words,

‘ Look down with Pity you bright Cœlestial
‘ Forms upon my Innocence, and seeing what I
‘ have done in Defence of my Life and Chastity;
‘ look down and pardon this forced Bloodshed;
‘ receive, Almighty Power, whose Goodness has
‘ created me, a Soul that is about to leave this
‘ dull Earth, and fly to thee, or if it be thy Plea-
‘ sure I should long continue here to praise thy
‘ glorious Name, stir up the Heart of some noble
‘ Knight, inspiring him with Pity, Strength and
‘ Courage, to defend my Cause against this In-
‘ sulter, who urges my Destruction.

This said, she stood fixed for any Chance that might happen either for Life or Death; but just as the Fire was going to be put to her Funeral-pile, kind Heaven heard her Prayer, and sent her a Deliverer, her Lord was now at Hand, who had he came six Minutes later had left her for ever, and at a Distance to give Notice on what Errand he came, he caused the Knight that rid before him, to wave his Banner of Defiance, signifying thereby that he intended to espouse the Lady's Interest; so that the Executioner stayed his Hand till the Knight came up, who made his formal Challenge, demanding the Lady's Liberty, or to combat unto Death in her Defence, who ever durst oppose or declare her guilty of a Crime.

Then the Trumpet sounded the Charge, which bloody Blast was no sooner ended, but the two Champions rushed together with such

Fury, as made the Earth to tremble under their Horses Feet: their Spears shivered in a thousand Pieces, and meeting with strong Bodies, Horse and Man fell to the Ground, wherein the Baron of *Chester* was so bruised, that he lay a while on the Earth, casting up much Blood, but recovering a little he nimbly leaped up, and came in great Fury with a mighty Faulchion, thinking at one deadly Blow to revenge the Disgrace of his Fall, which he never received from any Knight before, and struck so furiously at St. *George*, that he cleft his Shield in sunder which so enraged the noble Champion, that lifting up his mighty Sword *Ascalon*, of a true tempered Edge, by its Power and enchanted Virtue, it cut quite through the other's Armour, so that his Arm was severed from his Body, and his Sword fell with it to the Ground, so that by the Effusion of Blood he fainted, and dropped on the Earth, and crying out, *Worthy Knight, whoever thou art, be proud to have conquered me, who never was subdued before, he with a violent Groan gave up the Ghost.*

Upon this the Shouts arose with universal Joy, and while they lasted, the noble St. *George* went to the King, and demanded the captive Lady, which was readily granted him, whereupon he immediately unbound her, and covered her delicate Body from the Injury of the Weather, with a Scarlet Mantle, till the Ladies, who flocked to rejoice at her Deliverance, had time to put on own Garments.

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Then St. George mounting her on his Steed, went on Foot, leading him by the Bridle, till they came to the Court where great Preparations were made to entertain them: Here it was that fair Sabra, pouring out abundance of Thanks; fain would have known who, and what Country



her Deliverer was; but he concealed himself as yet, that her Surprize might be the greater; at length, by the Intreatment of her, and sundry other Ladies, he consented to be unarmed: No sooner was his Helmet taken off, but she knew him, and crying, *Ah! my dear Lord*, ran into his Arms, that were spread to receive her, and swooned away in an Extasy of Joy too mighty for her Spirits; but he and the Ladies present soon brought her to herself; then a thousand Love endearing Expressions passed between those constant Lovers, too many here to express.

The

The King no sooner heard that it was fair *Sabra's* Lord, and his Country's Champion, who had in Honour of *England* done such Wonders Abroad, but he came, attended with his Nobles his Queen, and divers beautiful Ladies, and welcomed him with his kind Embraces, causing the Bells to ring, the Conduits to run with Wine, and Feasting to be held for ten Days, with such Royalty, that this Land in the King's Reign, beheld not the like before, so that the Mourning for the late expected Tragedy, was turned into universal Joy.

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C H A P. XII.

How St George and Sabra left England; she relates to him the Story of her intended Ravishment. How they arrived in the Land of Amazon, with the Desolation they found there, caused by Incantment.

A P. THE noble Champion St George having stayed about twenty Days in England, remembered his Companions that were now warring against the Soldan of Persia, in his Quarrel, and concluding his Honour would suffer if he delayed returning any longer than was needful for his Affairs, he took leave of the English Court, taking the beauteous Sabra along with him, resolving no more to trust that dear Pledge of his Love, ever at the like Distance from him again; and so passing the Seas to Græcia, they made their nearest Way to Persia; but wandering in Armenia,

Armenia, and on the *Hyracania* Mountain, passing to *Bactria*, they found themselves out of the Way, not knowing how to get into it again; however, they took Courage, and set down under a curious rang of Trees, by a curious Fountain to expect the coming of some Traveller, that might direct them in a right course to *Sasa*, a Frontier of *Persia*. And here it was that *St. George* to spin out the tedious Hours, intreating his Lady to tell him more of the Particulars of her late Adventures, than yet he had Leisure to be inform'd of. At this she could not forbear trembling, but recollecting her Courage, she, to please her Lord, thus began;

Some Months after your Departure, when you left me in your native Country, I was entertained as beleeemed my Quality, and had no Care but for your Safety, till one Evening going with some Ladies to refresh myself in a pleasant Grove without the Walls, the lustful Earl of *Coventry*, meeting us in our return, cast his Eyes on my little Beauty, and was so inflamed with the Desire of enjoying me, that he contrived, as I afterwards heard, several Ways to bribe those that attended me, to let him into my Apartment, that he might surprize me at an Advantage, but their Faithfulness being above it, though they would not then tell me, for fear of disturbing my Peace in your Absence, he resolved to try by Flattery if he could work upon me to yield up the Fortrefs of my Chastity; and therefore he prepared a stately Banquet, with Mu-

sick

sick, Masks, and Dancing for the Entertainment of young Ladies of *Coventry*; to which, I not knowing his Design, went ignorantly, when he leading me a Dance, he took an Opportunity when it was ended, to draw me aside to the Window, and fetching a deep Sigh, he began in a low and passionate Tone, to pour out his amorous Expressions in my Ears, urging what Treasures and great Felicities should be mine, if I would condescend to love him, and suffer him to enjoy me. At this unexpected Discourse I blushed and started, saying, is this Sir, the Entertainment you designed for Ladies, to lay Snares for their Honour and Chastity, by inviting them to your House, Alas! what love can you require of me, unless it be that which is dishonest, seeing I am already married, and have vowed my intire Affections to my true Lord, never to place them any where else; and sure a noble Mind cannot condescend so low, as to wish a Stain on my Virtue! I perceived by the often changing of his Countenance, this Answer was nothing pleasing to him, but as he was going to reply, some of the Ladies came near to intreat us to make up a new set Dance, which hindered him from saying what he further intended, and gave me an Opportunity to disintangle myself at that Time; so excusing myself from Dancing, by reason of a sudden Illness, I pretended, I went to my own Apartment, much vexed and troubled in Mind at what I had discovered, and took all Opportunities for the future, to shun his Company, thinking his
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' lawless Passion by Absence might expire ; but
 ' on the contrary, feeding himself with Hopes,
 ' fed his Flame with fresh Fuel, and finding all
 ' his amorous Letters and rich Presents rejected
 ' by me, he resolved on a desperate Course ; and
 ' about the Cool of the Evening, the known
 ' Time I used to walk in my Garden, he being
 ' got over a high Wall, by the means of a Rope
 ' Ladder, and hid himself under a Tuft of Rose-
 ' trees, and as I came into that solitary Place,
 ' his Eyes all flaming, and his Heart enraged
 ' with Lust, he seized me by the trembling Arm
 ' and forced me to sit down on a Bed of Violets,
 ' saying,

' Fair *Sabra*, it is now in my Power to force
 ' that from you, which you have hitherto denied
 ' me ; yet I had rather it should proceed from
 ' your free Grant and loving Compliance ; your
 ' wandering Knight is by this Time dead, or at
 ' least never intends to turn to you any more ;
 ' therefore, by fairly yielding you will become
 ' Mistress of me, and all my large Possessions ;
 ' but if you refuse, I will force you on this Place
 ' and to prevent your telling Stories, or writing
 ' to discover what is done, I will cut out your
 ' Tongue, and chop off your Hands, after I
 ' have had my Will of you.

' Seeing him thus resolute and bloody minded,
 ' and my Desire being that he would kill me
 ' rather than spot my Honour ; but finding I
 ' could not prevail with him so to do, I began
 ' to seem more kind, and desired an Hour's
 ' Time to consider of it, and frame myself to
 ' comply with him. This he granted, but not

' that

that I should stir from him, till he accomplish'd his Desire; whereupon he unadvisely laying his Head in my Lap, thro' the Fumes of Wine he had drank that Day, and the Charms of my tuneful Voice he fell asleep, when drawing out his Dagger, and finding no other Means to escape with my Chastity, I gave him the fatal Blow which ended his Life in a Minute, and for which I was seized, and had suffered Death in the manner as you saw, had not kind Providence sent you in a happy Time to work my Deliverance.

She had no sooner finished her Story, but the noble Champion embraced her, giving her many tender Kisses, and highly commended her for her Constancy and Courage.

By this time they espied an old Hermit, who wandered from his Cave to gather wild Fruit for his Subsistence, to whom St. George addressed himself, intreating he would direct him the ready Way to *Persia*; who told him that he was much out of the Way, but it was a deal further to go back again, than to pass over the Mountains that he saw at a Distance on his right Hand, tho' he would meet with some Difficulty in doing it and then entering into the Confines of the *Amazonian* Country, when he had passed that, the way was strait before him to *Tauris*, and from thence he might easily go into any Part of the Persian Dominions; hereupon he and *Sabra* mounted, & rode to the Mountains of *Amanus*, over which by clambering mighty Rocks, they passed the top of those Mountains, which by reason of the height were always covered with Ice and Snow.

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Having passed this Difficulty, they descended into a spacious plain Country; but in it they could see no People; the Houses were deserted and the Trees every where blasted, and the Fruits of the Earth, which had by Appearance been much, lay scattered or spoiled by Fire. This made the Champion and his fair Lady wonder, who, or what it should be, that had wrought such Desolation, the which, whilst they lasted, casting up their Eyes, they saw a state Pavillion at a Distance, erected before the Gate of a beautiful Tower or Palace, so thither they rode in Hopes to find in it some living Creature of whom they might enquire further into the Matter, as likewise of their Way.

This Pavillion, coming nearer to it, they perceived an exceeding rich and beautiful Virgin clad in purple embroidered Robes, with a golden Crown on her Head, glittering with precious Stones: In her Hand she had a silver Bow, and at her Side hung, in a violet-coloured Scarf, a Quiver of Arrows painted with Gold, and round about her Chair stood divers tall and beautiful Virgins, in the like Attire, but not so rich, and without Crowns on their Heads, she represented *Diana*, the Goddess of Chastity, in the midst of her beauteous Nymphs; yet a silent Sorrow appeared on every Brow, as if some great Misfortune had befallen them; which made *George* address himself to her, who by the Emblems of Majesty she wore, he could not but take to be the Chief, saying,

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Most incomparable Lady, pardon my Presumption, for intruding as a forbidden Guest into this stately Pavillion, and grant, if it may suit with your good liking to me, the Knowledge why you are thus sad, and what ill Happas befallen this Country, and I promise, by the Dignities of my Knighthood, to right you, on those that have done you wrong, all that lies in



my Power, for though here I appear as single person, yet I have Armies at Command, if my own Force should fail me in the Enterprize.

To this, bowing over her Scepter, with a modest and graceful Countenance, she thus replied:

Courteous Knight, I thank you for this kind Offer; but fear what has occasioned my Sorow, is beyond your Power to redress; yet not to appear discourteous in refusing you the
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Knowledge of it, know my Mother dying some Years since, I succeed her as Queen of the Amazons, at which time a Necromancer happened to arrived in my Country, who casting his Eyes on my Beauty, and knowing my Degrees so far above him, he thought his own Courtship would be utterly rejected, as knowing I had deny the important Suits of Kings, and resolving to live a spotless Virgin; wherefore he worked under hand by Charms and Inchantments, so that he doubted not this Way to prevail; but by Virtue of a Ring I wear on my Finger, his Inchantments had no Power over me; which he perceiving, his Love, or rather Lust was turned into mortal Hatred and Revenge, so that by his magic Spells raising a Castle out of the Earth, he placed infernal Spirits in it, to cast noisome Fog and Vapours mixed with Hail and Fire to the utmost Borders of my Country, to destroy all that was pleasant in it, which thro' Famine and Pestilence, has rendered thus desolate.

Where is the Castle? said the Champion, may be that I am ordained to fling some Vengeance on his Head, as may make too sadly repent the Mischief he has done.

Alas! said the sorrowful Queen, it is no the Power of any Knight to do it: For though he's now absent, assisting the Persian Soldan against the Christian Armies, with Legions of his infernal Crew, yet he has left, as his Substitute, a Giant of mighty Stature, who has by his great Strength, overcome whole Bands of Knights that have tried this Adventure, and

made them Captives in miserable Dungeons, within the Walls of the Castle, which is surrounded with thick Darknes, many Miles before any one can come near it.

No matter for that, says the undaunted courageous Champion; with your Permission, I will venture my Life and Honour, for Sake of and your Country, in finishing this Inchantment.

The Amazonian Queen no sooner heard him express his Gallantry, with an undaunted Countenance, but she applauded his magnanimous Generosity, and promised that she and her Ladies in the mean while would pray to the immortal Powers for his prosperous Success. Whereupon, recommending *Sabra* (who was sad at his Departure) to their Care, till his Return, he mounted his stately Steed, and rid as he was directed by the Amazonian Queen, towards the dreadful Place, encompassed with Darknes and enclosed many ghastly Terrors.



C H A P. XIII.

How St. George undertaking to destroy the enchanted Castle of Osmond, overcame a mighty Giant, finished the Inchantment, and restored the Country of the Amazons. How seven Virgins were ravished and slain in a Wood &c.

THE noble Champion no sooner entered the dark Mist that spread round the Castle for many Miles, but he heard a horrible hissing of Snakes, who suddenly assaulted him; against whom while he defended himself with his trusty Sword, cutting and mangling them so dreadfully that their yet moving Pieces, like Rushes, strewed all the Place, he was assaulted with great Birds, Beetles, Hornets, and other offensive Creatures,

creatures, brought thither by Inchantment, who very much annoyed and grievously stung both him and his Horse; however with an undaunted Mind he forced on his Way till he came to a black River, inclosed with high Banks, the Water, to Appearance, being full of Crocodiles and Allegators, over this there was but one narrow Bridge to pass, defended by a mighty Giant with a strong Mace of Steel, between whom and the Champion began a cruel Fight, but at last the Giant, growing weary with the infinite sweat that flowed from him, gave back, whereupon the Noble Champion redoubling his blows struck him so furiously on the unwarded Forehead, that he felled him to the Ground, and stood over him, ready to strike off his monstrous Head, when with a Voice like Thunder, he cry'd out for Mercy, promising if he would spare his Life, to be the Knight's Servant, and faithful to him all his Days; whereupon St. George, on Condition of discovering to him the Manner of the Inchantment, that he might finish it consented to give him his Life, and take him for his Servant.

Then he told him, That in a Cave within, as soon as he descended the Front Stairs of the Castle, he would find a Fire springing out of the Earth by Magick, which had occasioned all the Mischief in the Amazonian Land, and that it could only be quenched by a Fountain of black Water a little distant, the which was guarded by many ugly Spirits; and then upon its being extinguished, the Inchantment would cease.

Hereupon the valiant Knight leaving the Giant to hold his Horse, entered down a Pair of dark Stairs, where he felt terrible Blows and heard lamentable Cries, but could see nothing; at last there came out, upon the breaking open the Door, so much Smoke and Heat, that he was near stifled, yet at last it cleared up a little, and he beheld a Fire spouting out of the Earth, from whence proceeded the dismal Vapours, Thunder, and Lighting, that had annoyed and wasted the Country.

Approaching this Flame he found it was guarded divers Fiends, and hellish Spirits, thro' whose threatening Fury he passed to the Fountain, he perceived a little beyond it, when in his Shield (notwithstanding the Resistance that was made by Whirlwinds, and Flashes of Flame) he took up as much Water as it could hold, which he cast into the Fire, whereupon the Castle vanished with much Thunder and Lightning, terrible Noise and Cries, succeeded by a violent Earthquake, whereupon the Sky cleared up, and the Sun shone bright.

The Incantment by this Means being finished, St. George, with the Giant, went to the Amazonian Pavillion, where he was welcomed by the Queen and her Ladies with all possible demonstrations of Joy; but especially by the fair Sabra, who had all the while prayed to Heaven for his Protection, Victory and safe return: so that for several Days Feasting and Musick continued; but an unhappy Accident fell out, that abated much of the Mirth, before the appointed Days were ended.

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It happened that *Sabra*, whilst her Lord took his Repose after his weary and hazardous Adventure, with seven of the Queen's Ladies, went to take the Evening Air, which the Giant (who lay without the Pavillion, and had never seen such Beauties before) perceiving, followed them into a retired Grove, and burning with Lust to enjoy such rare Creatures, hid himself behind a Thicket, and seized by Surprize, the seven Ladies who were formost, bound them with Withs of Woodbine, and ravish'd them; at the Sight of which, the trembling *Sabra*, whom he had not taken by reason she was a pretty way from, and undiscovered,



by him, hid herself behind a Mulberry Tree; and now fearing his Villany should be discovered, he murdered the poor Ladies, by beating out their Brains against an Oak Tree, and throwing them into a Pit, covered their dead Bodies with Stones and Earth.

After the great Wickedness, by his strong Scent, he discovered where *Sabra* lay hid, but she by this Time, to secure her Chastity, had poisoned her fair Face with a Bottle of Infection, which ever since her last Extremity, she kept about her to end her Life for the Preservation of her Honour if need urged it, that she looked so leprous and deformed a Creature in his Eyes as made him loath her Sight, and take her for a worse Monster than himself, so that he left her and ranged up and down the Country, not so much stung by Guilt, as he feared the Revenge of the *English* Champion, when this foul Act should come to be known, till at last, to prevent Punishment, he desperately threw himself from an adjacent Rock, and dashed in that Fall his monstrous Body to pieces, and so ended his wicked Life.

St. George having Notice his Lady was gone abroad, and that she returned not in a seasonable Hour, suspecting some Mishap was befallen her, and the Ladies that accompanied her, especially the Giant being likewise missing, so that taking his trusty Sword, he ranged the Woods, till by her Sighs and Laments he found her out, but so deformed, that had it not been for her Voice, he could not have known her, and having enquired into the Misfortune of her being reduced to this Misery, and not far distant, finding the Pit where the dead Bodies of the Ladies were buried in, he vowed the most cruel Revenge in the World upon the Giant; but searching to find him out, he saw he had prevented him, by being his own Executioner.

Where

Whereupon with his sorrowful Lady he returned with great Grief to the Amazonian Pavillion, where the Sight of the deformed Sabra, and the Relation of what further happened, so grieved the fair Queen, that she sunk from her Chair of State, into a deadly Swoon; yet in a little Time being recovered, she bewailed the Misfortune of her dear Companions, and more that of the fair Sabra, who endeavoured by Medicines and Art to recover her Beauty, and succeeded so well, that in a few Days she was restored to her charming Lustre.

CHAR



C H A P. XIV.

How travelling thro' a WilderNESS, Sabra fell in Labour, and was delivered of three fair Sons; how in St. George's Absence, they were carried away by wild Beasts, and by what Means recovered; how they were crowned in Egypt King and Queen; and what happened to the Christian Army in Persia.

ST. George having restored the Amazonian Queen to the quiet Possession of her Country, by the dissolving the Inchantment, began to cast in his mind to what Purpose he departed from England, which was to assist his Fellow Champions against the Persian Soldan, whom he supposed by this Time, fighting in his Quarrel, so that taking Leave of the Queen, who parted not with him and his Lady without Tears, he rode through many Desarts and WilderNESSes, full of fearful wild Beasts, till at last he was forced to take his Lady from her Palfry, by reason

on of the exceeding Pain that afflicted her, occasioned by the swelling Burden of her Womb, being ripe for Delivery, which so increased upon her that instead of a rich Pavillion, or stately Alcove in a Palace, she was forced to take up under a spreading Beech, on a Bed of Moss, her Curtains being the spreading Branches of the Tree; but whilst St. George hastened to seek for some Female Assistance to help her in her great Extremity, her Cries wrought such Compassion in the Queen of Faries, to whom that Grove was consecrated, that she came not only to help her in her Delivery, which successfully happened, but brought her all Necessaries; so that St. George in his fruitless Return, wondering to find her safely delivered of three fair Sons placed in three rich Cradles, and she laid on a princely embroidered Bed, with Curtains of Persian Silk and a crimson Canopy over it: But having heard the Story he lifted up his Hands to Heaven, and returned immortal Thanks for such a Providence.

Food now being the only Thing that was wanting, after he had kissed his Lady, and tender Infants, he went in search of it; but in his Absence a great woe befel, a Lionsess, a Tygress and Wolf, came and took the sweet Bades out of the Cradle, the Mother's Strength little availing to rescue them, and her petious Cries less, so that without hurting them, them they bore them away with a mighty swift Pace.

St. George returned with Venison, and some wild Fowl he had taken, was much amazed when he saw his Lady all in Tears, and the Infants

fants gone; yet no sooner he knew by what means they were conveyed away, but throwing down his Provision he hastened in Search of them, vowing either to recover them or lose his Life, a' longtime he wandering about the Woods Mountains, till at last by one of their Cries he was directed to them in a Cave at the Bottom of a Rock, where he found them sucking like *Romulus* and *Rhemus*, at the Teats of the before named furious wild Beasts, whence he took them without Interruption, they fawning at his Feet, and in Token of Kindness, attended him, where *Sabra* lay, and then returned to their respective Dens.

Sabra was exceedingly transported with Joy when she saw her Children recovered; so getting so much Strength as to set on Horseback, they went to the Sea-side, took Shipping, and by Reason of her Weakness; and his Babes yet undisposed of, he thought it not yet fit to go into *Persia*, but directed his Course for *Egypt*, and was waited on by the twelve Peers at his Landing, and most magnificently entertained with all Demonstrations of Joy, and such royal Preparations made for the crowning them King and Queen of *Egypt*, that the like had never been seen in that Land before: And so rich were the Presents of Gold, Silver, Pearls, Silks, precious Stones, given at the Coronation by the Nobles, Ladies, and Merchants, that they were sufficient to furnish a Kingdom.

This royal Solemnity having lasted ten Days, with great feasting and rejoicing, *St George* now King of *Egypt* and *Morocco*, caused a Renewal

of

the Joy at the Christening his three Sons, naming the eldest *Guy*, the second *Alexander*, and the third *David*, and least any Mishap should befall them in his Absence, or that in *Egypt* they should want Education suitable to their Degree, with much ado he prevailed with his Lady, that he might send them to his Friends in *Europe*; and accordingly he sent the eldest to *Rome*, to be brought up under the Emperor; the second to the King of *England*, and the Third to the King of *Bohemia*, where they were carefully brought up in all princely Exercise, appertaining to Arts and Arms, in the Pursuit of which we shall leave them, till they came to Years of Maturity, whilst *St George* continued his Travels, and stayed to settle his Affairs in *Egypt*. The other six Champions with their Army, had wasted most of the *Persian* Soldan's Dominions, enriching themselves with the Spoils of a hundred Towns and Cities; and in a great Battle, which last five Days, and in which 200,000 of the Pagan were slain, they gained a mighty Victory, insomuch that the Soldan fearing such another Encounter might be the Ruin of himself and his Army he drew his scattered Forces within the Walls of the City of *Belgor*, and fortified it with all Diligence in the best and strongest Manner: Yet it was not long e'er the Christian Army encompassed it and battered the Walls with furious Rains in divers Places, which made them to tremble and rend, so that the Soldan fearing they would enter, went in haste to *Osmond* the Necromancer, who had done so much Mischief to the Amazonians, and whose enchanted Tower or Castle

Castle was frustrated by the Valour of the English Champion, and intreated him, that by his art Magic he would assist him.

This *Osmond* promised to do if he would sally out the next Day with all his Power; so when the two Armies were engaged in a bloody Conflict, he went into a dark Valley, and with his Magick-wand making a Circle, and his strange Characters, muttering horrid Charms, immediately the Sky was covered with blackness, the Clouds were inverted with mighty Thundering and Lightning Fire run on the Ground, when immediately a pitchy Cloud descended in the Front of the Christian Army, which opening, there issued out a Legion of infernal Spirits, with horrid Cries, who overthrew in many Places, Men and Horses, likewise with the Blasts of Fire that proceeded out of their Mouths, they scorched and miserably burnt others, tossing some up into the Air, who were bruised to Death in the Fall; but the great Banner of the Cross was no sooner displayed, but they all vanished; and then the Christians taking new Courage, slew so many of their Enemies, that the Fields of Mayow whereon they fought, was puddled over with Blood, and piled up with Heaps of dead Bodies.

The Soldan seeing this adverse Fortune fled with the Remainder a second Time into the City; and there *Osmond* began another matter of Conjurat[i]on, which was to transform any Spirits into the Shapes of beautiful Virgins, and by raising an enchanted Pavillion, to enchain the six Champions in Love by their delurements,

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ments, and make them forsake the Camp of *Mars* to sport with them in the Tents of *Venus*: And indeed by their melodious Voices and Inticements, their Stratagem took so well, that it had proved the Ruin of the Christian Army, had not *St. George* luckily arrived the Day of Battle; for the Soldiers wanting their Leaders, were at the Point to fly, if he, like a Tempest, had not



broke into the *Enemy's* Army, and by his Exhortations and valiant Deeds, encouraged them to renew the Fight, by which Means the *Persians* were again put to the Rout in all Parts.

Then the noble Champion went to the enchanted Tent, and cutting it in Pieces with his Sword, reproving with much sharpness, the six Knights that lay there captivated in the Laps of seeming Virgins, whereupon these deluding Spirits vanished in Flame, with a great and terrible

rible Noise, which so ashamed the Knights to be so imposed on by Inchantment, that they shook off their Sloath, buckled on their Armour, and hasted their Soldiers who received them with Joy.

And as *St. George* returned, he found *Osmond* sitting on a Block of Steel, devising new Charms, and knowing him by the Description the Giant had given him, he seized him, and bound him fast to a blasted Oak, in Fetters of Adamant, whereupon the Power of his Magick left him, and there he remained lamenting his woeful Case, and gnawing his Flesh till a Legion of infernal Spirits fetched him away Body and Soul with great and hedious Howlings, Thunder and Lightning, &c.

St. George having restored Things to what they were at first, exhorted his Soldiers to a general Assault on the City, which they the next Morning stormed in ten several Places, making the Street float with Blood, and so breaking into the Palace took the Soldan and his Viceroyes or Governors of Kingdoms under him Prisoners; these six, upon paying great Ransoms were set at Liberty, but the Soldan refusing to turn Christian, blaspheming the God of Heaven, was cast into the Dungeon wherein he had imprisoned *St. George* seven Years, where making a piteous Complaining, and cursing his Stars, he ended his miserable Life, by beating out his Brains against a Stone Pillar. Then by general Consent, *St. George* was proclaimed Emperor; but soon after returned with the other Champions for *England*, and was received with more Joy than can be here expressed.

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Seven Champions of *Christendom*.

The Second P A R T.

C H A P. I.

How St. George and the other Champions arrived in England, and sent for Sabra and his three Sons who came to London: How by a Fall in a Hunting Match, she came by her Death; the Manner of her Burial and Tomb; how the seven Champions hereupon vowed a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and how the three young Princes were warned by their Mother's Ghost to follow, and of the Rescue they brought to a Lady, &c.

THE Seven Champions after overcoming a terrible Storm at Sea, and destroying several Pirates that set upon them in Hopes of a rich Prize, safely landed in *England*, where they were

were receive with great Expressions of Joy, especially in the famous City of *London*, where they held their Residence; and during the Time of the Feasts and Triumphs were made in Honour of them. *St. George* being mindful of the dear Pledges of his Love, sent divers gallant Knights into *Egypt*, to attend his beautiful *Sabra* into his native Country: Writing Letters to the Emperor of *Rome*, and the two Kings who had his Sons in Tuition, to send them to him; they being by this Time grown to the Years of Maturity; all of them happily arrived together, and received a Welcome beyond Expression.

When among other princely Sports, solemn Hunting was appointed in the spacious Forest, which then stood where *Barnet* now stands: The fair *Sabra*, willing to see the Activity and noble Courage of her Sons in that princely Sport resolved to accompany her Lord, mounted with her silver Bow, Quiver and Breast-plate, like *Diana* on a fiery *Spanish* Gennet.

They no sooner entered the Forest, but three Drops of Blood fell from *St. George's* Nose, and a Flock of creaking Ravens flew about him; these Signs much perplexed him, they having always been the Fore-runners of some great Danger to him. Yet a stately Stag being roused, the following the Chase, somewhat diverted his melancholly Thoughts; but, alas! this Pastime was soon turned into Mourning, for fair *Sabra* straining her Horse to keep Pace with the Foremost, he startled suddenly upon the turn of the Stag, and threw her with a violent Force, into a
prickly

prickly Brake full of deadly sharp Thorns, which so rent and tore her Snow-white Skin in every Part, that it was changed into a Crimson, so that Blood gushed out amain, notwithstanding all that her Lord and the rest could do, she found, thro' the Bruise she had received, and the Loss of Blood, she had not long to live; wherefore tenderly kissing him, who stood over her, all bedewed in Tears, and embraced her Sons, she said,

Ah, cruel and hasty Destiny! Wherein have I offended, to be thus cut off in the Bloom of my Years? I who have escaped so many Dangers in following my dear Lord, must now be divoced from him for ever! Let it be recorded of me to all Posterity, that I have been a kind, chaste and loving Wife, my Thoughts never straying from him; but if Souls separated from the Body retain any Knowledge of earthly Things, my Love and Constancy shall ever remain firm and unshaken.

Then turning to her Sons, weeping and embracing them, she gave them her Blessing, charging them to follow their Father's Steps in honourable and virtuous Ways, succouring the oppressed, and chastizing Tyrants; not to injure Orphans and Widows, nor wrong the Castity of Damsels: After which, fetching a deep Sigh, she sunk down in the Arms of her Husband, pale Death eternally closing the Eyes of the fairest Creature that ever breathed on Earth in endless Slumber; whose unfortunate End turned the Joy of the whole Land into deep Sorrow

row and Mourning. Her Funeral was celebrated with all the solemn Pomp imaginable, and a stately Tomb rais'd over, on which were many curious Devices engraven, resembling her Chastity, Constancy, Beauty and all the Ornaments of her Graces and Virtues. Her Sons making this Epitaph on her, hanging it over her sleeping Image, engraven on a Tablet of Silver, set with precious Stones.

E P I T A P H,

*Reader, pass not, but let thy Tears be shed,
Over the beauteous and the virtuous Dead;
Loyal and chaste she was, and all her Life
Did pattern out a kind and loving Wife:
By the hard Destinies her Doom was wrought,
A cruel Fall her sad Destruction brought.*

*Yet though her Body lies in this cold Tomb,
The Earth's too scanty for her Soul's vast Doom;
It's wing'd for Heaven, and took a hasty Flight,
For Crowns of Blessings in the Realms of Light:
However, weep, since Death hath taken more
Than Nature to the World can e'er restore.*


After the Funeral Solemnities was over, St. George vowed to go a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, bare-footed in poor Attire, to view the Holy Sepulchre, and other Things, highly in Esteem with Christian Pilgrims, so to expiate for his

Sins

Sins, and appease the Ghost of his departed Lady by whose unlucky Hunting-match, she had lost her Life. This Resolution being made known to the other six Champions, they for the Love they bore him, resolving to accompany him in the same Manner: And so embracing his Sons, leaving them Plenty of all manner of Riches with his Blessing, and recommending them to the Care of the King, he took his Journey with his Companions, clambering over Rocks and Mountains, wading thro' Rivers, passing over thorny Wildernesses, making the bare Ground their Bed and Heaven their Canopy; their Drink of the Fountain, and their Diet the wild Fruits of the Forest. In which long and painful Journey, I must leave them for a Time, and return to the three young Princes, Sons to the noble *English* Champion, who were left at home to mourn over their Mother's Tomb; in this they so contended who should exceed each other in Sorrow, that they fell at Variance about it; yet at last agreed to try an Experiment to conclude, which was, that he who could bring the rarest Present, and present it on her Monument, should be accounted chief Mourner; whereupon the Eldest repaired to an Inchantress that lived in a Cave in the Wood, some Miles to the North of the City, who for a great Reward, tho' it was in the Depth of Winter, sent her Spirit to fetch all manner of curious fragrant Flowers that the Earth could afford; these she made up into a Crown like a Garland, and so enchanted them, that they should never fade, but be ever blooming,

ing, and cast an odoriferous Scent. The next in birth brought a silver Lute, which he hanged so advantagiously, that at every breathing of the Wind, the Lute would tune melodiously, without being touched with human Hands. The third came attired in white silver Robes, with a silver Bason and a Poniard in his Hand, when opening his Bason he pricked his tender Flesh with the sharp-pointed Weapon, and let out 30 drops of his Blood in the Bason, which he offered on the Tomb, as the dearest Thing he could produce, to express his Affections to his dead Mother; so that his Brothers concluding he had gotten the Glory from them, fell upon him with violent Hands to slay him; when immediately the Tomb flew open, and their Mother's Ghost appeared, charged them to forbear, and live in Unity, as they rendered her Soul's Rest; after that they should haste in the Holy Land, to their Father's Rescue, who was there in Captivity, and great Danger of his Life, and so immediately vanishing into the Air, the Tomb closed again.

This, so unexpected a Sight not only struck them with Fear and Trembling, but made them bind themselves mutually with an Oath to be in perpetual Unity and Concord, never to disagree, but stand by and assist each other to their Deaths. Then remembring what was told them concerning their Father, they told it to the King, and desired his Leave to depart; whereupon, though he was loath to consent, yet the urgent Necessity requiring it, he furnished them

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them with stately Horses, Armour, and all Things necessary for their Journey, with Ships to transport them; and embracing them with a fatherly Kindness, they were dismissed, to pursue their intended Journey, and sailing up the Streights they landed on the Coast of *Province in France*, where travelling by the Side of a large Forest, they heard the lamentable Cry of a distressed



Virgin; which made them alight, and tying their Horses to a Beech Tree, enters the Woods with their drawn Swords, wherein they had not gone far, but directed by the Cry, which she continued in a pitious Manner, but they beheld a beauteous Virgin lying on her Back, in an unseemly Posture, and coming nearer, they perceived she was fast staked down to the Ground by the Hair of her Head, her

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Arms

Arms and Hands stretched out, were tied to two Holly-shrubs, and Legs fastened very wide asunder in like Manner, as if she had been stretched on a Rack. The bashful young Knight at this unusual Sight began to retire, and cover their Faces that were overspread with Blushes; however, taking Courage, they threw their Scarves of Knight-hood over the Lady to cover her nakedness, and unbound her with all the Speed they could, by reason that through an extraordinary Sense of Modesty she fainted at the Sight of them.

Being come to herself, she fell on her Knees and thanked them for her timely Rescue; and whilst they were impatient to know who had offered her this insufferable Injury, she thus began.

Worthy Christian Knights, (for so by the blessed Crosses you wear on your Shields, I esteem you to be) I return you a thousand Thanks for the timely Rescue you brought to the saving my Chastity, when I was at the Point to be ravished by three deformed Moors, who dragged me from my aged Father's little Mansion, hither, having tyed him to a blasted Tree, not far distant from hence, where I fear, for Grief, he will expire before I can return to let him see by your Courtesy I am in Safety.

This she no sooner said, but the Knights, inflamed with Anger, instantly demanded which Way the Villains went, that they might chastise their Insolency with Death; and being directed by her, *Alexander* stayed with her as her Guardian, whilst the others pursued the Moors; and

the mean Time sitting on a mossy Bank, she told him she was Daughter to the Duke of *Normandy* whose Country the tyrannous French King had ever-run and taken from him; so that in poor Attire, wandering as Exiles, they at length had built a little Hut with Branches of Trees in the Forest, and covered with Turf, living on what they found, as wild Fruits, Roots, &c. till Providence should better their Affairs, by stirring up some neighbouring Prince to compel a Restoration of what had been so unjustly taken away from them: And that in such their low Estate, they had lived in Peace and sweet Content, till these Moors, who came with their Javelins into the Forest to steal Venison, unluckily found out their Abode, and added new Sorrow to their tender Hearts; at this she let fall a Shower of Tears, which was scarce dried up when *Guy* and *David*, the two young Princes, who went in search, came, bringing the Heads of the Moors in their Hands, having taken them from off their cowardly Bodies, when they found them close hid in a Thicket, almost dead for Fear.

This being done, the Lady led them towards a little Cottage, where the good old Duke was bound quite fast to a tree: He, at the Sight of his Daughter's return in such noble Company, conceived the best had happened, fell into a Swoon for Joy, and in the Extasy of such a Passion, Nature being worn out, and wasted in him he yielded up his aged Life, which drew fresh Floods of Tears from the Lady's Eyes; nor

could the Knights refrain to weep with her ; comforting her in the best manner they could and helping her to bury her Father under a Bed of Violets seeing she was resolved by Vow to stay by his Grave and weep over it for a twelve month, and that no Intreaties nor Persuasions could alter her Intentions, they kindly recommended her to the Care and Protection of Heaven, took their leave of her, and prosecuted their Way towards *Jerusalem*. So on their Journey I must also leave them, to enquire after the seven Champions that had been gone long before to view the HOLY LANDS.

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C H A P . II.

How the Seven Champions in their Way tried the Adventure of the Golden Fountain: How St. George killed there a mighty Giant, and released the other six that were taken Prisoners: Of their Arrival at the Holy Sepulchre, and how they were warned by a Voice to depart thence: How, being almost famished, St George relieved them by killing a Giant in Arabia, &c.

THE seven Champions after many a weary Step, arrived within the Confines of the flourishing City of *Damascus*, where it growing towards Evening, and they perceiving on a spacious Plain, alittle aside them, a very state-ly Building, went thither, being still clad in

Palmer's Weeds, to enquire for Entertainment till the Morning. Upon their Approach, they found the Gates open, and all things appeared very stately and magnificent, which caused them to ring a little silver Bell that hung on the Side-post; At the Sound of which, a grave Person, whose Head was as white as Snow, came and welcomed them; and having refreshed them with Provisions, and comforted their Hearts with Persian Wine, he led them to see the State-lines of his Mansion, which seemed more like a Paradise than a private Man's Habitation, being gilded and adorned with several rare Devices of Gold, Silver, Brass, Iron, precious Stones, representing the four Ages of the World, Goddesses, Nymphs, Graces, and other curious Things, too tedious to recite, which highly pleased them, and made enquire by what curious Artift they were done, which made him fetch a deep Sigh, saying,

I once had many Sons, though now but few, who were curiously skilled in all rare Workmanship, that Ingenuity could reach to, or ingenious Minds comprize; but fourteen of them have I unfortunately lost, six of the youngest only remaining with me.

Whereupon he called them out of a Closet, who came playing on their silver Lutes, melodious as the Musick of the Spheres, which ravished the Champions with Delight; but especially casting their Eyes on the Beauty of these lovely Children, made them the more earnestly inquire by what Means he lost the rest: Where-

upon,

pon, sitting down on a Couch embroidered with Gold, he thus began ;

It so happened that I being skilled in Alchymy, and finding out the Secrets in Nature, thro' my Art discovered some Miles from hence, a Mineral Water, which would turn any base Metal, steeped thereon, into Gold and Silver, in twenty-four Hours : This I made into a curious Fountain, and kept the Virtue of it private as long as I could, heaping up much Riches this way, building a curious Castle by it ; but at last, by what Means I am ignorant, the important Secret coming to be known, many Knights, and others in Arms, came to dispossess me of it by Force, but my valiant Sons so nobly defended it, that they put them frequent to the Foil, and by their Courage maintained my Right ; till at last a mighty Giant, whose Skin no Dart can pierce, came from his Dwelling in a vast Cave, under Mount Sion in Arabia : And by his matchless Force, after a long Combat, took my Sons Prisoners and seized my Castle ; whereupon, I, by a back-way, with these my younger Sons, whose tender Years were not then capable of making much Resistance, fled to this Place, which I had before built, not valuing the Loss of my Fountain, so much as the Affliction of losing my Children, who lie in a Dungeon of a Rock under the Castle, in heavy Chains, fed only with Bread and Water, and there they must continue till some good Knights by destroying the Monsterous Giant deliver them ; if it be possible to be performed by Human Strength.

This Discourse, and the Tears that trickled and surrounded his aged Face, moved the noble Warriors to ease his Grief, and confiding in him to keep secret, they freely discovered themselves who they were, which made him fall on his Knees, and embrace them; greatly rejoicing, for he had heard much of their Fame and noble Actions: Whereupon he led them to his Armory, which was rarely furnished with warlike Habiliments, out of which every one chose what he liked best; but because there was but a single Giant to contend with, that the Fame of him who should be Victor might rise the higher, they resolved to cast Lots: The first Lot fell upon *St. Dennis*, who was made Prisoner by the Giant, as were likewise five more of them, tho' they behaved themselves with great Courage but the Reason they fared so ill, was, that the Giant's Skin was not penetrable by Sword.

These Misfortunes much grieved *St. George*, who was to try the last Adventure; whereupon guessing at the Reason of their not succeeding, he took a mighty Iron Bar, sharp at one End as a Pike, and so went towards the Giant, who stood by the Fountain-side; and after a bloody Combat, struck him so full on the Head, that he brought him to the Ground with a dismal Roar, such as made the Castle tremble; and leaving him there expiring, he went into the Castle with the Keys, and set the Prisoners at Liberty, to their great Joy, but more exceedingly to the Joy of the sorrowful aged Man, when he saw his Sons whom he gave over for
lost,

lost, return in Safety: Whereupon he tenderly embraced St. *George*, accounting him the most accomplished Knight in the World; and being restored to the Possession of his Castle and Golden Fountain, he many Days feasted them in a sumptuous manner, and then bestowed on them many rich Gifts, he dismissed them: So they travelled till they came to fair *Jerusalem*, without encountering any considerable Adventure.



Here they were welcomed by many Christian Pilgrims and Knights, and immediately proceeded to visit the Holy Sepulchre, and pay their Vows there, in remembrance of the unfortunate Death of the beauteous *Sabra*.

This Sepulchre stands in a certain Chapel descending a

a story under Ground, in the middle of the City on Mount Sion, cut out of white Marble, garnished with curious carving Work, supported by Pillars of Jet, inlaid with Jaspers and Rubies; the Gates of the Chapel are overlaid with Gold and Silver, and before the Tomb burns twelve golden Lamps with spicy Oils, casting a curious Frangency, watched by twelve pure Virgins in white Vestments, who have dedicated themselves to that Office. But whilst they were kneeling here, they heard this in a curious sounding musical Note;

*Rise noble Champions, linger here no more,
Your Arms the World requires, depart therefore,
And with your Vabours and the Christian Cause,
The Time of noble Actions now near draws;
By mighty Deeds, endless to crown your Name,
And write your Works in golden Characters of Fame
And you, chaste Virgins, that do here reside,
Horses and Armour must for them provide.*

This was no sooner over, but a Sound as of heavenly Musick ensued, the Virgins led them to a Place in the Side of a Mountain, where they found Armour and Horses according to their Quality, upon which they took their leave of the fair Virgins, and being armed at all Points mounted and rode out of the City in search of new Adventures: But passing through the Wildernesses of *Arabia*, and not in going many Leagues happening on any Town, Village, or single Houses, they began to faint with Hunger; and with that instead of Silver and Gold, they had

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had brought Provisions, as the more useful in this Extremity of the two; so they began to make heavy Complaints, upon the Account of the War that Famine made against them, till at last they alighted in the Evening, weary and disconsolate, where they had but an ill resting under a Tree all Night; so that the next Morning they mounted very feeble on their Horses, and followed the nearest Road to a Smoak they saw on the Side of a great Mountain, resolving to be a Guest there, whether welcome or not. So that St George, who bore his Affliction better than any of the rest, rode a pretty Way before



them, to be their Purveyor for them; yet he no sooner came up to demand Succour, but out of a large Cave issued a Giant, very terrible to behold.

behold, but in such Haste, that he left his massy Bar of Iron behind him; and seeing but one armed Knight, he little regarded to fetch it, thinking to brain him with his Fist, or Crush him to Pieces with his Arms; but *St. George* seeing the Giant come at him with great Fury, lifting himself on his Stirrups, and nimbly turning his Horse aside, smote him with his Battle-axe so full on the Crown, that he clove his huge thick Scull, that with a mighty Noise, and shaking the Earth with his Fall, he gave up the Ghost; by that Time the other Champions were come up, so that entering together into the Cave, they found a Cauldron as big a Brewer's Copper, boiling over a huge Fire, and in it the Flesh of a large Ox: Searching further they found Wine, Bread and other Necessaries, so refreshed themselves, and recovering their former Strength, and delivered divers miserable Captives of either Sex out of Slavery, and giving them as a Recompence, all the Giant's, and a peaceable Possession of the Place, they departed in search of other Adventures.

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C H A P. III.

How the seven Champions met with a Christial Shrine, in which was inclosed a murdered Lady, laid in a sable Tent; how they heard the woeful Story of a grave old Man vowing Revenge, went to the Black enchanted Castle, where, after a fierce Combat, they, by a Stratagem, were imprisoned in a Dungeon,

TH E Champions leaving the Giant's Cave, passed over the Mountains in a fair Plain, stored with some Towns, and many pretty Villages; on these Plains were numerous Flocks of Sheep feeding; and far they had not passed on these flowery Downs, but they espyed a Pavilion, erected under a Tuft of Cyprus Trees; whereupon, desirous to be better instructed in the Ways of the Country, they rode up to it, and

and found there an old reverend Man sitting in a melancholy Posture, over a Christial Shrine or Case, wherein was the Body of a dead Virgin, much mangled and cruelly minced. This doleful Sight struck them with Sadness and Wonder; whereupon alighting from their Horses, they resolved to enquire into the Meaning of that which appeared to them so great a Mystery!

The reverend old Man perceiving their earnest Desire to enquire into his Misfortunes, hoping they might be a Means to revenge him of the Injuries he suffered. After a Flood of Tears had gushed from his aged Eyes, thus began,

I am, said he, Lord of all these Plains, and tho' my Profession is but a Shepherd, yet Providence has so blessed my Industry, that I have large Possessions, and above all, I was happy in two chaste and beautiful Daughters, who now by cruel Means, are in the coldest Embraces of Death: and here, said he, pointing to the Christial Shrine, you see one of them murdered before your Eyes.

Upon this the Champions fetched a deep Sigh and entreated him to give a Relation of her Tragedy; which, as they were true Knights, if he so required, should be revenged at full, on those who had caused so great a Wickedness, as the shedding an innocent Virgin's Blood.

To that End, said the aged Man, have I continued in this mournful Place for many Weeks, in Hopes some courteous Knight would give me that Satisfaction, before I close my aged Eyes in a long Slumber, and then I should die

contented

contentedly. Then to answer your Requests, there resides not many Miles from hence one *Leoger*, stiling himself a Knight, a Man very rich and very powerful, but of a lustful and wicked Temper, as will appear; for falling in Love with my eldest Daughrer, I not knowing then what Temper he was of, consented to the Match, and the Nuptial was kept with much Pomp and Grandeur; but having reaped the Pleasures of Love, his Mind was wavering and changeable, for casting his Eyes on my youngest Daughter, who was indeed the most beautiful of the two; he invited her in a kind manner to his House to visit her Sister, after her Lying-in: By the way he carryed her into a thick Wood, and began to tell her the Story of his Passion, but she detesting so great a Wickdness and reproving sharply, he grew outrageous, stripped her naked, and tyed her to a Tree; but that she had rather die than lose her Chastity, endured not not only this Shame, but he, scourging of her tender Flesh, with the Whip he managed his Horse with, but no Force nor Intreaty prevailing for her Consent, he, in an unhuman Manner forced her Chastity; as she stood bound to the Tree, and then strangled her, that she might not discover, coveing her dead Body with Boughs. These Passages, her little Page, who had undiscovered followed her, saw from behind a Thicket, but durst not then cry out, for Fear of being murdered by him. But *Leoger*, the bloody monster, was no sooner departed, but he ran to my married Daughter, and told her all the Circumstances, who was thereupon so inflamed

flamed with Horror and Rage, that coming in to her disloyal Husband's Chamber, where he had thrown himself by this Time on his Bed, to consider more leisurely of the Mischief, and after she had reproached him, she made at him with a Dagger to kill him, but missing her Blow, she stabbed her tender Infant, and after herself to the Heart; soon after this killing News came by the Page, I fetched my younger Daughter's



Body, and have inshrined it as you may see, that her Story might the better move Compassion and Revenge.

At this sad Relation the Champions were greatly incensed, and hastily departed to work their Revenge on the Knight of the Black Castle so taking their Leaves, and having sufficient Directions to find it, they made no tarrying by

by the Way ; but in riding about ten Leagues, came in Sight of it, standing in a very pleasant Country, full of Cattle, and pleasant Fruits, in the Woods and Forests wild Beasts of all Sorts, but the Access to it was very difficult, by reason of a mighty deep Moat round it, and the Draw-bridge over it drawn up.

This Knight moreover doubting Revenge would be sought for the Blood of the murdered Innocents, had not only got a strong Guard, but leagued with a Necromancer, to fortify his Castle by magic Art, it being before by Art and Nature very strong and stately, glittering with Gold, and precious Stones ; before the Gate of the Draw-bridge stood a Pillar, on which, by a golden Chain, hung a Silver Trumpet, and on a Table of Silver these Lines,

*He that this Trumpet sounds, will perceive strait,
The Draw-bridge fall. and open fly the Gate ;
Yet of your entring here, you must take Heed,
Lest for presuming it you smart and bleed.*

However, St. George not to be daunted at any Threats, put the Instrument of War to his Mouth, and sounded so loud, that the Foundation of the Castle trembled ; the Bridge was let down, and the Gate opened ; so tying fast their Horses at the Foot of the Bridge, they resolved to make their Passage good over it against all Opponents ; but scarcely were they entered on it, but a mighty Darkness made them scarce know where they were, yet going down a great
Pair

Pair of Stair, the dark Cloud by little and little vanished, when they could plainly see the treacherous Knight with his Necromancer, and divers Giants standing on the Battlements of the Castle, whom they challenged to come down and fight it out in the Court Yard, with Brands of Cowards and many reproachful Words, especially to *Leogar*, the Author of so much mischief, which he answered with a fierce and threatening Reply, sending down twelve Giants to kill them, or take them Prisoners, so that be-



tween them happened a dreadful Combat of many Hours; but such was the Knights good Luck, that the Giants in the End were all slain or disabled, which made *Leogar* storm exceedingly, and had thrown himself over the Battlements for Grief, had not the Necromancer persuaded him, that his Art should accomplish what

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what Strength failed to do. Whereupon he fell to his Conjurati^on, with horrid Muttering, and thereby framed an airy Spirit in the Shape of a beautilous Woman, who leaning in a melancholy Posture on her Hand, within an Iron Gate, seemed to make great Lamentation, whilst Tears flowed in abundance from her Eyes; but when they approached to demand the Cause of her Sorrow, she drew back; and another appeared tall and majestic, clad in Golden Armour, with a silver Spear, a Bow and Quiver of Gold, her Hair hanging loosely under a Helmet of Silver, set with precious Stones; but whilst they were admiring what stately Dame it should be, they received several mighty Blows on their Shoulders, when turning to see from whence they came, they perceived the Appearance of five or six Knights running into the Castle, at a little Wicket, where thinking to repay them for their Cowardice, and that they might enter Pell-mell with them: The Champions pursued in great Haste, but they no sooner entered, e'er all together they fell thro' a Trap-door, into a wide dark Dungeon, paved with dead Men's Bodies.

This base Surprize extremely vexed them, but it was in vain, for it being exceeding deep, they found themselves at the Mercy of a cruel Enemy, yet with undaunted Hearts they stood on their Guard; yet searching about if there might by Chance be no other Door or Place to be found by which they might recover their Liberty; by a glimmering Light that came thro' a Crevis of the Wall, they espied a stately Bed, upon

upon which Six of the Champions no sooner sat to rest their weary Limbs, after long Toil, but they fell into a sound Sleep: Such was the Enchantment of that Bed, that St. George, who escaped the Snare, could by no means awake them, though he laboured all he could to do it. In the mean Time the Magician descended in an ugly and affrighting Shape, which would have terrified any other Man, his Hair being turned into hissing Snakes, and his Mouth vomiting Flames, threatening him with a miserable Death and Destruction, as he might find by the Bones scattered in the Place, many had been served; but notwithstanding these Menaces his undaunted Courage failed not, for had not the Conjuror vanished away, he had at a mighty Blow taken off his Head.

One Monster was no sooner gone, but another terrible one arose out of a Fountain at the other End of the Cave, in the Shape of a monstrous Dragon; with which he had a Combat, till piercing his speckled Belly with his Sword, it, with a terrible Yell, that made the Dungeon tremble, yielding up its Breath, and after that he had no Disturbance, but the Grief to see himself confined: in which deplorable Condition, I must leave him for a Time, and return to his three Sons, who came in search of him.

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St. GEORGE'S Three SONS,

Guy, David and Alexander.

The Third PART.

CHAP. I.

How the three Sons of St. George going in quest of their Father, and the six other Champions, arrived at Sicily, where they destroyed a hedious Monster, which had devoured above 500 Men. How they discomfited an Army of Thracians, and took their King Prisoner; killed two monstrous Giants, and releasing the King of Thessally out of the enchanted Castle, and breaking the Incantment the Castle instantly vanished.

IN pursuance of their Design, St. George's three Sons, being more inclined to follow the Camp of Mars, than the Courts of Venus, resolved to pursue knightly Adventures in Foreign Lands, and to find out their Father, and

and the rest; and being furnished with all Necessaries for their Voyage, they went aboard a Sicilian Vessel, and in a short Time arrived at that famous Island, and travelling up into the Country, they found a great Number of Towns and stately Places, without Man, Woman or Child within them, which made them conjecture that some desolating Pestilence had swept away the Inhabitants; and for fear of Infection, they rather chose to take their Lodgings in the open Fields, having the green Earth for their Bed, and the starry Sky for their Canopy, where they reposed as sweetly as if they had laid upon a Bed of Down. The Morning approaching, and the glorious Lamp of Heaven beginning to enlighten the Earth, they were surprized with such an horrible Noise, that it seemed to rend the Rocks asunder, which made the young Knights buckle on their Armour, and stand in their own Defence, which was a necessary Precaution; since soon after they perceived a horrible deformed Monster approach them, of a vast Height, and dreadful Shape, with Claws like an Eagle, and Eyes like a flaming Fire, the Earth seeming to tremble with his Weight, and appearing like a Mountain, which so affrighted their Horses, they could hardly govern them.

These three valiant Knights, who were true Sons of their renowned Father, were nothing affrighted at this horrible Sight: Sir Guy the Eldest, first approached this dreadful Monster, whose Scales being as hard as Brass, his Spear was shivered into an hundred Pieces, so that he

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was obliged to assault him with his sharp Scymiter, but the Monster raising himself on a sudden seized upon the Arm of Guy, with his dreadful Claws, that notwithstanding his Armour, the Knight could hardly have disengaged himself, had not his Brother Sir *David* suddenly came to his Rescue: Sir *Alexander*, at the same Time, gave such a terrible Blow on the Head of the Monster, that it made him stagger, and at the



same instant so intangled himself in the Legs of Sir *Alexander's* Horse, that he threw his Master to the Ground, which the Monster observing, was just ready to fall upon him, and destroy him, had not the valiant Sir *David* prevented it by giving him such a furious Blow on the Breast that he fell backward, though the Sword was not able to pierce his tough Skin; upon which Sir *Guy* dismounting, thrust the Sword down the Monster's Throat, whose Teeth were so sharp

sharp that he bit the Blade asunder, one half continued in his Throat, which caused him to send forth a most hedious Cry like Thunder, but having received his death Wound, in a short Time he expired, to the great Joy of the Victors; his Body being ten Yards in Length, from Head to Tail, and his Carcase twenty hundred Weight, his Claws being answerable, and his Scales on his Body almost impenetrable.

These young Champions, after Thanks to the immortal Powers for their Success, left the nauseous Carcase of this foul Monster on the Ground and proceeded farther up into the Country, in Hopes to meet with some of these affrighted Inhabitants, who had deserted their Houses for fear of this devouring Monster, and to get some Refreshment after this hazardous Encounter, and at length came to a lonesome Valley, where they perceived a Smoke to issue out of a Cave, or little Cell under Ground, and approaching thereto, an aged Hermit appeared at the Door, cloathed in a long Frize Garment, his white Hairs, and his meager Countenance discovering a Mind overwhelmed with Grief; the Knights saluted him very kindly, and desired him to give them an Account how all that Country which they had passed through, was destitute of Inhabitants. The Hermit perceiving they were Strangers who seem to be inclined to warlike Atchivements, and defyed all Dangers, he coutieously invited them into his Cottage, and finding by their Discourse, that they could meet with no Sustenance in their Travels to that Place

Place

ace, desired them to repose themselves a while, and afterward partake of the Viands his Hermitage afforded, which kind offer, they with many thanks accepted of; after which he gave them the following Relation.

Sir Knights, said he, for so by your Deportment, and martial Accoutrements, you seem to be; it known unto you that the Country where you now are, is called Sicily; an Island formerly abounding with all Things both for Necessity and Delight, and was counted the Granery of the World, and would still continue so, if the Natives durst manure the same, but now our Streets, which used to be crowded with Inhabitants, are abandoned and destitute of People, by Reason of a dreadful Monster, who lately appeared upon our Coasts, and was both in Water and upon Land; he was first perceived by some of our Herdsmen, that saw him sporting upon the Waves of the Sea, who soon spying them he made instantly for the Shore, upon which they betook themselves to their Heels but their haste was not sufficient to Secure themselves, for the Monster being very swift of Foot, he overtook and seized upon some of the hindermost of them, whom he soon swallowed up in his infernal Paunch, and finding the sweetness of Human Flesh, he delights more in devouring Men than Beasts, and hath already destroyed near 500 Persons, being sent from Hell, I believe, to punish Mankind; the People call him the Mongo, and are so affrighted at his dreadful cruelty, that they have left all their Lands and habitations, and made all the Country desolate,

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there

there being no Champion so valiant as to dare to assault him; so that he ruins all the Nation without any Opposition: Thus, most couragious Knights, you have the true Cause of the Desolation, of which you have been Eye witnesses, and from which we have no Hopes of Deliverance, till some redoubted Knights shall undertake this perilous Adventure, from which our King had promised considerable Rewards to encourage such an honourable Atchievement, which besides the great Benefit of our Country, will be a Blessing to all Mankind, in freeing them from so dreadful an Enemy.

*The Hermit ended his Discourse with a deep Sigh, when Sir Guy, the valiant Knight, and eldest Son of St. George, answered him thus with a smiling Countenance; Father, if this be the Cause of all thy Sorrow, to ease you thereof, I do here assure you that the Stars have been propitious to Sicilly, and delivered you from all your Miseries, for by the victorious Arms of me and my two Brothers, this monstrous Beast Mongo is slain and destroyed. The Hermit was so over-joyed at the News, that his Spirits were almost suffogated with the Extacy which it brought him into; being somewhat recovered, *What Thanks, said he, can we render to Heaven and you, for your unmatched Manhood, and fortunate Success?**

As they were thus discoursing, an Herald with Arms in his Coat of Armour, attended by four Knights in Mourning, passed by, who was sent by the King to proclaim in all Foreign Realms That if any Knight would be so adventurous



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as to encounter with this mischievous Monster Mongo, he should be made a Peer of the Kingdom, and be presented with a golden Helmet as a Recompence for his Valour. The three young Champions being acquainted with his Message, they told him that his Search was now at an End, since Mongo was already destroyed; and one of the Knights returned with these glad Tydings to the King, the rest went with the three young Knights to view the Carcase of this horrible Creature; and



were then invited by the Herald at Arms to wait upon the King at *Syracusa*, where he kept his court; so taking leave of the Hermet, they proceeded toward the City.

The King upon the Account given him by the Messenger of this glorious Action, ordered the Bells to ring, and Bonfires to be made,

for Joy; and the King attended by a numerous Train of Nobles, in a Chariot with Pillars of silver, and lined with a Carnation Violet, and a very great appearance of other Lords and Gentlemen came to meet them, and when they arrived, he courteously embraced them; and after some Compliments had passed, he took them into his Coach and so entered triumphantly into the Palace, and were received with all Demonstrations of Kindness by the Queen and her beautiful Daughters, who excelled the rest of the *Sicilian* Ladies, as well in Charms as Dignity: and the same Evening the King appointed a great dancing, and the three Knights each of them took one of the Princesses, and all Things were managed with the greatest Mirth, Gallantry, and Contentment in the World,

The Night being far spent in Pleasure and Jollity, they all retired to their Beds, but no sooner did the glowing East display her Colours, and the Sun gilded the Horizon with golden Colours, when a shrill Noise of a silver Trumpet sounded at the Palace Gates, raised them from their pleasant Slumbers, to know the Meaning of it, and were soon acquainted, That it was a *Thessalian* Knight, attended by a Trumpeter, and an Esquire, who came with a Message to the *Sicilian* King, who having Audience, acquainted his Majesty, that his coming thither was to implore his Assistance in Behalf of the distressed Country of *Thessally*, oppressed by the Tyranny of the King of *Thrace*, who being given over to all Licentiousness, and degenerating from the Royalty of a Prince, desire of the King of *Thessally*

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that he might marry *Cornelia* his only Daughter, but both she and her Father rejecting his Request with Indignation, he resolved to obtain by Force, what he could not procure by Favour, and instantly raising a puissant Army, which we were unprovided to oppose, the King thinking himself secure by the mutual League of Peace they had entered into, so that the *Theſſalian* Troops soon over-run a great Part of the Country, reducing the principal Forts and Castles, and destroying all before them. The King of *Theſſally* raised all the Strength he was able, to stop the Fury of this perjured Conqueror; who had a Giant of terrible Shape and Stature, and the Strength of ten ordinary Men, whose Name was *Cadro*, wearing a Coat of Mail, and a Suit of Armour of 200 Pounds weight, fighting always a Foot, no Horse being able to bear him, when the King of *Theſſally* running against him with his Launce, it shivered into a Thousand Pieces, nor could his Sword avail him against the Giant's Armour, although he attacked him so vigorously, that the Sparks of the Fire flew from it; who so little regarded his inpotent Attacks, that perceiving him to be the *Theſſalian* King, who was almost tired with long fighting, he clasped his Arms about him, and carried both Man and Horse together into his Tent, and from thence the Giant conveyed him into his Castle, which is very strong, and he having an Associate, who understands the Black Art, the *Theſſalians* much doubt whether they shall ever recover their King again; after this Misfortune

fortune the *Thessalians* fled, and despersed themselves about the Country, for their own Safety. The victorious King of *Thrace* marched thence with his Army to the City of *Larissa*, wherein was the peerless and beautiful *Cornelia*; and which he has now so straitly besieged, that without speedy Aid, it is in Danger to be lost. *Our No-*



bles and Commons therefore humbly beg your *Majesty's* Assistance to save their bleeding Country from utter Destruction.

This lamentable Complaint raised Pity & Compassion in all that heard it, but fired our 3 *English* Heroes with Indignation, who being obliged by their Vow of Knighthood, to relieve all distressed Princes and Ladies, resolving to venture their Lives and most precious Blood, in defending the Cause of the Prince and his most virtuous Daugh-

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ter; and the King of *Sicily* promising them his utmost Assistance, they speedily raised a considerable Army; and tho' the dreadful Strength of the Giant *Cedro* struck Terror into some of their Hearts, yet the Presence and Encouragement of the three valiant Knights made all the rest defy all Dangers, and with an undaunted Courage, to undertake this perilous Adventure with them.

The Captains and Officers made such an Expedition, that in 20 Days they mustered an Army of 20000 Men, all which were completely armed out of the royal Armoury: to the three Brothers, the King gave each of them a silver Helmet, inlaid with Gold and precious Stones as a Reward for their conquering the Monster *Mongo*. They march'd into the pleasant Plains of *Theffally*, and went toward the City of *Larissa*, wherein *Cornelia* was, and Sir *Alexander* being sent before with a choice Party to give them an Alarm to the *Thracians*, and about Midnight came in Sight of the Town, and having held a Correspondence with some of the Citizens it was agreed by *Alexander*, that when he should appear, which he would give them Notice of by holding up a blazing Torch, they should then make a Sally out of one of the Gates, and fall upon the Enemy, whilst he with his Force attack'd them in the Rear: This succeeded accordingly for being surrounded by their Foes, they fell into a woful Confusion, and *Alexander*, with his Men, destroyed Multitudes of them, cutting down all before them, till they came to the royal Pavillion, where the King of *Thrace* was

in Person, who not apprehending any Danger at that Time of the Night, was asleep in his Tent, but being awakened by the Noise of the Soldiers, he suddenly started up, but before he could put on his Armour, *Alexander* entered his Tent, and took him Prisoner. This utterly discouraged the *Thracians*, so that nothing but Blood and Slaughter pursued them, and nothing was heard but the



Cries and Lamentations of wounded and dying Men, and Death appeared in so many horrid Shapes, that the Sight thereof was enough to pierce the most unrelenting Heart.

By this Time Sir *Guy* and Sir *David*, arrived with the rest of the Forces, where they found an absolute Victory obtained to their Hands, and so the whole Army marched together into the City, and Sir *Alexander* presented his Royal Prisoner to *Cornelia*, who was ready to receive them,

them, making all due Acknowledgments to the three Brothers, but especially to Sir *Alexander*, for his Magnanimity and martial Conduct, in rescuing her and the Kingdom, from so implacable an Enemy. Then with a wrathful Countenance, as so lovely a Beauty would admit, she turned to the *Thracian King* : as for you *Sir*, said she, the cause of all the mischief, methinks you took a strange way of Wooing, whereby you could have little Hopes of speeding ; and since fortune has now delivered you up into our Hands, not as a Lover, but as an Enemy, you must take it not ill if we secure your Person, till we hear how our royal Father is treated by those that belong to you : He was then committed to the Custody of the Marshal she allowing him all the accomadations proper for a King ; She then invited the three Brothers, and the principal Commanders into the Royal apartment, where they were treated with store of greek Wine, and a magnificent Banquet, and the rest of the Army were nobly feasted by the joyful Citizens who had delivered them from Plunder and Slavery These joyful Entertainments could not divert the Thoughts of the dutiful *Cornelia*, from taking care of the Redemption of her dear Father, and therefore dispatched a Messenger to the Giant, at his Castle in the enchanted Island, with an offer to exchange the *Thracian King* for him, which, if it should be denied, to make the utmost Enquiry possible of the State of the King's Health, and to use all manner of means to inform him how Matters stood, and that she was resolved to use the utmost of her Power for his Deliverance.

The Necromancer *Codro*, who lived with the Giant *Logos*, knowing by his magic Spells that the *Thracian* King's Army had received a total overthrow, and himself taken Prisoner, and that the victorious *Sicilians* were marching into *Thrace* commanded by three valiant young Champions, he acquainted the Giant therewith, who thereupon sending for his two Brothers, *Godolpho* the



stout, and *Kibnans* the cruel, to come to his Assistance. Count *Bruno*, the King of *Thrace*'s Deputy, soon raised a potent Army of 50000 Men, and the *Sicilians* and the *Thessalians* being above 40000, resolved to attack them, and both Armies engaged. Sir *David* who had the Honour that Day to lead the Vanguard, assailed Count *Bruno* with such Force with his Launce he run him quite through the Body, so that he fell dead on the Ground; whereupon the *Thracian*

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cians began to give back, but the two Giants coming in with fresh Forces, the Combat began afresh, and Sir *Guy*, whom at the first Sight the Giant *Godolpho* scorned and contemned, found an Opportunity to give him such a Blow on the Head with his trusty Sword, that had not his Helmet been of approved Metal, he had cleft him down the middle; however it made him stagger; but recovering, he lifted up his massy Club, and missing Sir *Guy*, struck it so deep in the Earth, that Sir *Guy* alighting nimbly from his Horse, designed to have cut off his Head, when *Kilmano*, the other Giant, coming into his Assistance, was encountered by Sir *David*, who skillfully avoiding the furious Strokes of the Giant, he found he had a valiant Enemy to deal withal; *Godolpho* the stout, having somewhat recovered the last Blow, came to join his Brother *Kilmano*, who Sir *Guy* undertook to engage.

While these four were busy in fighting, Sir *Alexander* made such Havock among the *Thracians* that they began to fly; the two Giants seeing their Army in such a running Posture, ran also, being hotly pursued by the three Brothers, with the Loss of great Numbers of their Men; but *Logos*, the Giant, who kept the enchanted Castle hearing how the others fared, came in with more Forces, which the wearied *Sicilians* being not able to withstand, retired, and the *Thracians* secured themselves in the enchanted Castle. *Cornelia*, having heard no News of the Messenger she sent to her Father, was very glad to understand that the three young Knights were resolved to assault.

assault the same, and release him ; so the Army having sufficiently refreshed themselves, marched up to the Castle without any Opposition, till they came to the Gate, on the top of which stood two Giants, with massy Stones in their Hands, to tumble on the Heads of those that should attempt to scale the Walls; but the Necromancer finding all his Charms were now at an End, would not suffer them to throw down the Stones, in Hopes to find Mercy from his Conquerors : Sir Guy first



entered the Castle, but was soon encountered by a dreadful Griffin, who was so briskly attacked by the young Knight, that he deedly wounded him, and instantly a Noise like Thunder was heard out of the Ground, and he apprehended some terrible Encounter, but nothing followed. *Alexander* proceeding farther in, a dreadful Dragon came flying against him, which struck him with

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with such violence that he could hardly stand on his legs, but having drawn his Sword, the Dragon soon vanished out of his Sight; but such a Noise ensued, that the very foundation of the Castle shook, and the Walls began to totter: the undaunted Knight, Sir *David*, resolving, to view all the Avenues of the Castle, his Passage was stoppt by an Hippotamus, or Sagittary, being half Man half Horse, and there soon began a dreadful Combat between them, but St. *David* at length cutting off one of the Monster's Legs, the Heavens seemed to be rent in sunder, by dreadful Claps of Thunder and Flashes of Lightning, the Earth quaked, and the terrible Yells und Groans of infernal Spirits were heard, which were followed with an horrible stinking Smoak, and all of a sudden the enchanted Castle disappeared; the two Giants who appeared so dreadful upon the Castle Gate fell down now on their Knees to the three Brothers, begging for Mercy, and the Necromancer was forced to surrender his cursed Carcass to the Conquerors, who cut off his Head.

The *Thessalian* King, who had slept from the time he was brought thither. the Inchantment being ended, now awaked, wondering at what had happened, not knowing whether he was in the Hands of Friends or Foes, as also the Messenger which *Cornelia* sent, who was laid asleep like the King; with them also awaked many others, who by the Necromancer's Charms were cast into a lasting sleep, by coming within the Compass of the Castle. The three Brothers then made deligent Search to find out the King of *Thessally*, and having discovered him, they enter.

entertained him with all the Respect due to his royal Dignity, and afterward conducted him to his own City of *Larissa*, where the Princess *Cornelia* resided, who in all dutiful manner, welcomed home her royal Father, and entertained the noble Champions with all Expressions of Love and Affection. They spent several Days there, in all the Delights that Art and Cost could invent and a general Joy ran thro' the whole Island, for the Restoration of their royal Sovereign. The three Brothers now took their Leaves of the King and the Princess, and in pursuance of their Resolution to travel thro' all Lands to find out their Father, and the other six Champions, they went out of *Italy* into *Greece*, where they met with very notable Adventures, as you will find in the following Chapter.

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CHAP. II.

How St. George's three Sons found the Queen of Armenia dying, thro' the Treachery of the Knight of the Black Castle; How with her Daughter Rosanna, they travelled thither, to revenge her Injury, ending the Incantment, and releasing the seven Champions, with other Matters.

THE three young Knights being still upon the Enquiry, and hearing no News of their Father, nor the other Champions, concluded that some mishap had befallen them; whereupon coming to a black Pavillion, which they found deserted, they traced their Feet from thence in the Sand, with Drops of Blood and scattered Hair, till coming into a Thicket, they heard a Lady wofully complain against the Knight of the black Castle; whom they no sooner approached, but they understood she had been Queen of *Armenia* but was banished by her Subjects, for imprudently flaming herself, by yielding to the Embraces of that false Knight, who had forsaken her her big with Child; so that she was deliver'd of a beauteous Daughter in the Woods, where they stood bemoaning her having lived with her in those unfrequented Places, till she was fifteen Years of Age. The young Knights having heard her mournful Story, and how her disloyal Lover had served the Shepherd's Daughter, as has been said, comforted her all they could, yet having charged her Daughter to severe Revenge, and giving her a Letter to the ingrateful Knight, she breated her last in such Complaints, as drew
Tears

Tears from all their Eyes; and after they had buried the Queen, and writ a mournful Epitaph on the Rhind of a Bay-tree, they accompanied the young Lady to the Black Castle, to revenge at full this great Injury.



They no sooner approached it, but a monstrous Satyr came against them with a mighty Club, endeavouring to stop their Passage; but after a sharp Encounter, deeply wounding him, he fled bellowing away; after which, in a little Time, they arrived at the Castle Gate, where *Rosanna*, for so was the Lady's Name, by reason she had a Rose naturally on her Breast, espied her

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her wicked Father, and the Magicians looking over the Battlements, contriving to prepare for their Destruction, which she advertised them; however they blew the Trumpet, and immediately, as before, the Draw-bridge fell down, and the Gates opened of their own Accord; then without much Disturbance, coming to a Pillar of Jasper, they found this Inscription:

*Whilst here seven fatal Lamps burn bright,
This Place can never yield to Knight:
But when extinguished by a Fountain are,
By her who does a Rose on her Breast bear,
The strange Incantment then shall disappear.*

Having read this, they pursued a monstrous Giant into a great Hall, where the fatal Lamps were burning; and after a fierce Combat, to defend them, slew him, but in vain they tryed to extinguish the Magick, when remembring the Inscription, they searched about for the Fountain, which at last they found in a low Vault, covered with Mists and Darknes. *Rosanna* still being with them, and they approaching the Water, which they were directed to by a kind of singing or bubling Noise, were mightily opposed by great Giants, terrible Monsters and Furies, especially a monstrous Griffin, who gave them furious Blows, and put them back by main Force; the Water of itself, as they went to reach it, gliding from them; so that *Rosanna* taking Courage, snatched up one of their Shields, which was beaten to the

the Ground by the Griffin, stepped to the Fountain, and with Ease, took up some of the Water, with which she ran and extinguished the Lambs. Whereupon mighty Thunders and Lightnings issued with cries and yells of hellish Fiends, which made the imprisoned Champions rouse from their Sleep, when instead of a Dungeon, they found they were in a spacious Parlour.

Leoger being near distracted to find his Incantment finished, however not willing to fall into the Hands of his revenging Enemies, he secretly fled on a swift Horse; and the Conjuror took his Way on winged Spirits, thro' the Air in a Chariot. Then the Knights embraced each other, and great Joy ensued, so that all the Day they feasted royally on the great Abundance of Plenty they found in the Castle, and at Night betook them to their Repose. *St George* lying alone in an inward Chamber, had no sooner laid down and shut his Eyes, but he was awakened with a doleful cry of,

*O thou most vallant Knight, what dost thou here?
Where nought but horrid Mischief do appear.*

Upon this, looking about, he espied the Shape of a beauteous Woman in Tears, who beckoned him to follow her; which, with a Sword in his Hand, he did, till he came thro' a great many lonesome Places, to a Tomb, whereon he perceived a grave old Man, but much wasted with Leanness, lying upon it tormented by Flames that issued from under it, and in a desperate Manner he lay roaring, as not able to stir from the Place.

While

Whilst the Champion was wondering at this strange Inchantment, and who or what the Party should be, the Woman that called him thither, came out of the Tomb, and with Tears besought him, for to strike three Times on the Tomb with his Sword, and all the Charms and Inchantments would instantly be dissolved; which at first he refused, but finding they were mortal Creatures, brought to that Misery, by wicked Art, he complied; and immediately they were released from their Torments. Then, at his Request, the Lady told him a tragical Story, how the Man he delivered, was the King of *Babylon*, and herself formerly a waiting Woman to the fair *Angelica*, his Daughter, whom he had killed with his Sword, for going away from him with the Necromancer, who enchanted this Castle, and because she being with her, was not able to prevent the bloody Fact, the Conjuror in a Rage; by the Power of his Art, had doomed her to bear a Punishment with the Murderer: Now tho' the noble Champion could not excuse the Conjuror for thus punishing the King for his rash Act, yet he much blamed him for dipping his Hands in Virgin's Blood, especially that of his own Child; but being told he had repented it in Tears of Blood, and suffering a voluntary Banishment in Woods and Groves, at hard Diet for many Years, till compelled hither by Spells, he took Pity of his aged Years, and vowed to see him seated on his Throne, which, in his Absence, was usurped by another: And so the Champion sending for the

the Shepherd, whose Daughter the Knight of the Castle had destroyed, they, as some Recompence, put him in full Possession of it, till they could be better revenged on his Behalf: They all agreed to go with St George to *Babylon* except *Rosanna*, who remembering her Mother's Commands, was resolved to go in search of her wicked Father, and so arming herself like an Amazon Queen, with silver Armour, a Javeling in her Hand, and a Sword hanging by her Side, she mounted on a gallant Steed, presented her by St George, and parting at the Bridge took their respective Ways.

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CHAP. III.

How Rosanna went armed to seek her treacherous Father; in what deplorable Condition she found him; and of his miserable Death; The Combat she had with the Inchanter about his Armour; how she killed herself over her Parents Grave: With the farther Adventures of the Champions; and how St George fell in Love with a Nun.

THE fair and sorrowful Rosanna departing from them, rid through many a Defart, and coming to a Forest side, the Sun being scorching hot, she went among the shading Trees to shelter her from the Heat of the Day, and see if she could find a Fountain for Refreshment.

She had not far entered, before her Ears were fluted with such grievous Complaints and Lamentations

tations, the Voice often mentioning the Queen of *Armenia*, which made her the more attentive to know from whom it proceeded, and by other Discourse and penitent Sighs, she found it could be no other than *Leoger* her Father, yet his mighty Sorrow expressed for the Injury he had done her Mother, made her relent, and turned her Fury into Compassion; yet coming into Sight, without telling what Relation she was to him, she gave him the Queen's Letter; which mournful Lines, written in her Blood, he had no sooner read, and finding at the close she commanded him to hasten to her in the other World, but he cried out,, *Oh injured Queen, whom I so basely wronged, at last thou art obeyed.*

*And if our Souls can meet, and know above,
I'll fold thee ever in my Arms of Love :
Whilst this atones for Mischief I did here,
And sets my Soul free to attend thee there.*

Hereupon, which made *Rosanna* tremble and look pale, he plunged his Dagger into his Breast. This caused so natural an Affection in the fair Lady, that she melted into a Flood of Tears, labouring to stop the Blood that flowed like a Fountain from his Wound; and whilst his Senses lasted, made herself known to him, that she was his Daughter; whereat, casting his Eyes on her, he bewailed her being left in Danger and, sorrowing for her Misfortune more than his own; yielded up his Breath, leaving her bathing his Face with Tears. When she was a little come to herself again, taking Courage,

age, she covered his dead Body with Moss, and hung up his Armour in a Pine Tree, which she resolved to watch, till some courteous Knight coming by should help her, to convey her Father's Body, as she desired, to be buried in her Mother's Tomb. But being tired and drowsy with long watching, the Necromancer, since he fled from the Castle, having wandered up and down in solitary Places, happened to come that Way, and knowing the Armour, reached it down, and put it on; at which Time *Rosanna* awaking, started up and drew her Sword, charging him to hang up the Armour again, or he should die for his presumptuous Sacrilege, but he refusing a desperate Combat passed between them with many violent Blows, so that the Necromancer's Devil not being at Hand to rescue him, he with down right Stroke, burst his Helmet, and bruised his Head, so that he fell with much Effusion of Blood, to the Ground, begging Mercy, which she granted, so he would carry her Father's dead Body to *Armenia*, and the Armour to be hung up as a Trophy over the Grave.

This he consented to, and called up a Chariot with yoked Spirits to convey them and the dead Body thither immediately; but whilst he was busy in covering up the Grave, after the Body was laid in, the beauteous *Rosanna*, who had all this while watered the Earth with Tears, beating her snowy Breast, fell upon her Sword, and died on her Parents Repository.

This much startled the Magician, who had heard from her own Mouth before she expired, her

her lamentable Story; whereupon he erected a Monument over them, (having put her likewise in the same Grave with her Parents) with an Epitaph, shewing the particular Causes of their untimely Ends. And so departing into a pleasant Valley not far from thence, being grown weary of his wicked Life, he raised a Mansolum or Tomb, by Magic, of precious Stones, Gold,



and many rare Divices, which opening at his Charms, he thereupon no sooner entered into it, but it closed upon him. Where we leave him conversing with damned Spirits.

Whilst these Things happened, the 7 Champions were arrived at *Babylon* with the King, whose Presence soon decided the Quarrel that was arising among the Grandees, who should possess the Crown,

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Crown, and be restored without any bloodshed; the Virgin that was enchanted with him, was for her Fidelity to her Mistress, married to one of the chiefest Noblemen in the Kingdom, so that great Joy, Feasting and Triumph ensued; but all was dashed by their sudden Departure, the Court, and the whole Kingdom grieved thereat. So travelling through many Countries, they came to the City of *Constantinople*, where great Preparations were made for royal Sports and Pastimes, there being a vast Assembly of Kings Princes and valiant Knights, which the Emperor had sent for, from divers Countries, to please his fair Daughter *Alcinda*, who was courted by the King of *Anatolia*.

Here *St George* won immortal Fame, overthrowing Horse and Man, Knights and Giants, and all that came in his Way; so that the fair Princess began to be much enamoured with him for his Valour, and manly Proportion; but the former Contract being made by her own Consent, Modesty and Shame restrained her from expressing her Passion: So the Champions being highly treated, left the Court in Joy and Revels; and at the Request of *St Anthony*, passed to *Rome*, where the Emperor having heard of their Fame received them with a cordial Welcome, as royal feasting, and the presentation of large Gifts; when viewing the Rarities of that antient and lately City, among the beauteous Nuns, who had vowed Chastity: *St George* cast his Eyes on *Lucinda*, the Emperor's Daughter, never since the Loss of *Sabra*, had he seen so beautiful a Creature! And understanding she had vowed perpe-

tual Virginity, he was sorry he had gone with the Emperor her Father, to see so angelical a Creature, whom her Vows had barred from being enjoyed, which much perplexed his Mind; yet resolving to prosecute his Love, not knowing but her Mind might alter: So getting the Apparel of a grave Matron of Quality, he, by giving Money to the Servants, got Admittance into the Monastery, with a Basket of curious Fruit for the Princess; and passing in that Habit for a Woman, he was not denied Admittance to her Chamber; where, to his Wish, finding her alone, working on curious Improidery.

After he had made his Present, with a low and humble Submission, he discovered who he was, and the Cause of his coming thither.

At this the Princess started, as one surprised, and coming to herself, told him, it was not in her Power, her Vow being passed to Heaven, to treat of Love, no farther than Friendship extended, to any mortal Creature.

Ah! divinest Creature, replied he, *say not so, lest you destroy your devoted Servant, which neither Monsters, armed Hosts, or Incantments could overcome.*

Truly, said she, renowned Knight, I have heard of your Fame, and dislike not your Person, were I at my own Disposal; but that can never be, having vowed unalterable Chastity, therefore never more make any Proffers of Love to me.

Have you so vowed, said the noble Chamberlain, then you shall see fair but cruel Princess, I can keep my Vow as sacred as you, and that is, here I vow to die, and end the Pain and Torment of my Mind.

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So pulling out a glittering Sword, with a desperate Resolution, he had pierced his manly Heart, had not she stepped in and stayed his Hand, promising within seven Days, if he would vouchsafe to live for her sake, rather than the World should lose so brave a Knight, to give him her Body at the Alter; and so with this supposed Assurance, and much Joy, he at that Time left her.

During this Space, the *English* Champion had made his Overture of Love known to the Em-



peror, who highly approved it, sent to his Daughter to entertain his Courtship, that she might, by so marrying, come into the World again, as they term it; she going into that Place by her own Inclination. This much grieved the Princess, to find Fortune had raised a Confederacy against her vowed Chastity; however, consulting with some of her Fellow Nuns about it, they persuaded her, she ought to sacrifice her Life rather than break her Vow, which too

fatally she performed, by stabbing herself, when the Priest was going to join her Hand with St George's; saying,

Here noble Champion of England, I thus deliver my spotless vowed Chastity, from the Power of all mortal Things; but as I promised, my lifeless Body is at your Disposal.

Upon this sad and unexpected Tragedy, caused Floods of Tears to flow from all Eyes, whilst the *English* Champion was prepared to overflow the Pavement with Blood, by falling on his Sword had not the rest prevented him, so that falling on the dead Body, and bathing its pale Face with Tears, some Days after it was sumptuously interred, and a stately Monument with an Epitaph over it.

Such Sorrow afflicted St George, that he hastened to leave a Place so fatal to his Repose, where upon he and the other Champions, took leave of the afflicted Emperor and his Court; and some Miles from the City they met the discomfiting young *Lucius*, and a Band of Knights he had gotten to revenge his Sister's Death on the Champions, whom the Champions soon over-came, and passed every one into their own Country; of whose Deeds and Deaths, you will hear of in the concluding Chapter.

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CH A P. IV.

How the seven Champions returning to their own Country, in Expectation of leading peaceable Lives met with violent Deaths, with the Manner of them; and how they came to be sainted, and called Patrons of their Country; why the Leek is worn on St David's Day, and the Cross on St. Andrew's, St Patrick's, &c. as also the noble Order of the Garter, in Honour of St George.

THese noble Champions of Christendom, having run a long Race of Glory and Renown at last Years and Weariness brought them to

rest, and lay their Bones in their own native Lands.

The first who left this earthly Stage, was *St Patrick*, who going up and down in Pilgrim's Weeds in *Ireland*, and betaking himself to Prayers in Woods and Desarts, at length he caused a House of square Stone, in Form of a Tomb to be built, out of which he never after went, tho' he lived three Years, but had his Victuals given him thro' a little Hole, which was all the Window he had; and a little before his Death, he digged his Grave with his own Nails, and there yield up his pious Spirit: afterwards a stately Chapel was built there, with an Altar over his Grave, and he stiled Saint and Patron of his Country: In Memory of whom the *Irish* and *English*, inhabiting there, annually wear a Red-Cross.

St David coming into *Wales*, and finding it over-run, and in a manner laid waste by mighty swarms of Pagans, he mustered a Troop of Knights out of the Frontiers, and that they might the better distinguish each other in Fight, he ordered them to imitate him, then plucking up a Leek in the Field where they stood, he placed it on his Helmet, and the rest did the like, so that having drawn the Enemy from the Mountains to the Plains, a bloody Fight ensued, in which, by the Valour of *St David*, and his Knights, the Enemy were slaughtered in a miserable manner, and driven quite out of the Country: Whereupon, in Token of Victory, he ordered all his Countrymen should

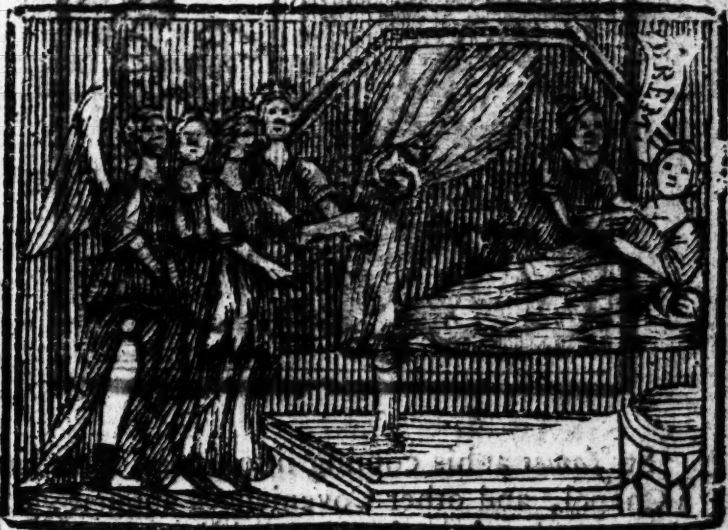
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should wear a Leek every first Day of *March*, on which the Battle was fought; and he dying soon after of a violent Fever, he got by overheating himself in the Battle, was canonized a Saint, and the first of *March* is call'd *St David's Day*.

St Dennis the Champion of *France*, living a godly Life in his Country, and preaching up the Christian Religion, that Country being Pagans.



A Knight of the Order of *St Michael*, so incensed the King against him, that he designed to subvert the antient Religion, and his Subjects to rebel against him, as caused him to order him immediately to be beheaded, without being heard, which was no sooner done, but his
Accuser,

Accuser, and the Executioner, with some others that mocked at his devout Prayers, were struck dead with Lightning; which so terrified the King, that he and all his People renounced their Heathen Gods, and turned Christians. He was afterwards sainted, and a stately Church built over his Monument, in which the French Kings are crowned and buried.



St *James* at his coming into *Spain*, built him a Chapel, and other Conveniences about it; getting together some devout Christians there, they sung Psalms and Hymns, and praised the God of Heaven for the Mercies bestowed on them; which so incensed the tyrant King of that Country, that he caused them to be immured or shut up there, so that they were starved to Death; yet such a Light and Harmony was seen and heard in the Place after their Death, that all

Men

Mén wondered : And God's Judgment delayed not long to fall on the King, for utterly losing his Appetite, he pined away and languished to Death. This James was afterwards sainted, and is filed to this Day, the Titular Saint of Spain.



St Andrew preaching the Gospel in Scotland, among the rough Northern Highlanders; living as a Hermit in a Cave, they fancied he was sent by the King as a Spy upon their wicked Ways : And thereupon, in a Mutiny, fell upon, dragged him from his Cave, tyed him to a Cross made of two trees, and after having mocked him, whilst he was praying for them they cut off his Head, which the King, in whose Favour he highly was, hearing, went against them with armed

armed Forces, and destroyed them, and their Habitations, from the Earth: This St Andrew is held the Patron of Scotland, who wear his Cross on that Day; he was soon fainted, and a Church dedicated to him.



St. Anthony being at Rome, viewing an ancient Chapel, found a Prophecy, that himself should be the Patron of it; after many great Achievements, and noble Acts, should return and die in it; which he so far complied with, that he continued there in Prayer and Meditations, having Provisions and other Necessaries brought him, till he payed Nature's Debt; at which Time he was fainted, the Place dedicated to him, and many Honours conferred upon it.

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St George, the worthy *English* Champion, escaped many Dangers abroad, found an unkind Destiny too fatally awaited him at home: for having a while lived a contemplative Life, intended to spent the rest of his Days in Penitence. The King sent to inform him, that a dreadful Dragon near *Danemore*, who had a mighty Cave for her Habitation, destroy'd all the Country about so that Men and Cattle were daily devoured: against this Monster, for his Country Safety, the Champion immediately took his Way, and in a terrible

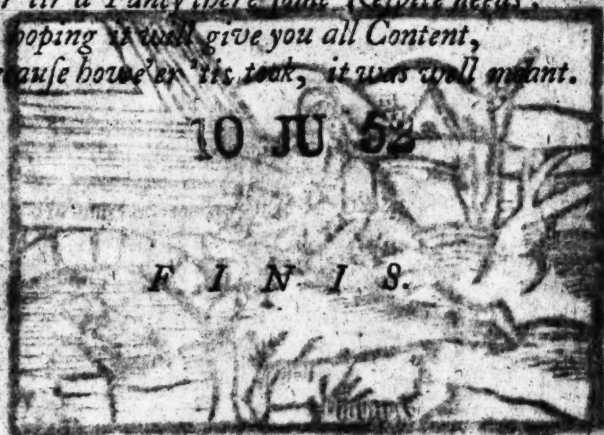


Combat slew the Dragon, for which Deliverance the Bells rang, and Bonfires throughout the Kingdom: But this to the Champion, was the fataleſt of all Encounters, for the vaſt Quantity of Poiſon thrown upon him by that monſtrous Beaſt, (he now fighting without his Shield) ſo infected his vital Spirits, that two Days after he died in his own Houſe, having charged his ſons, who were by this Time returned from ſeeking Adventures, to follow his Steps in Virtue and heroic Deeds; recommending them likewise to the

the King's Care, who was then present, and afterwards preferred them to the chiefest Offices and Trust in his Kingdom.

St. George was buried in his Chapel, bearing his Name, at *Windsor*, his Effigy, killing a Dragon, is given as the *English* Badge of Honour to our Nobles: but the greatest Princesses abroad are proud to be Champions of it, for the noble Order of the Garter.

*Thus weary with long travel thro' great Deeds,
For tir'd Fancy there some Respite needs;
So hoping it will give you all Content,
Because howe'er 'tis took, it was well meant.*



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